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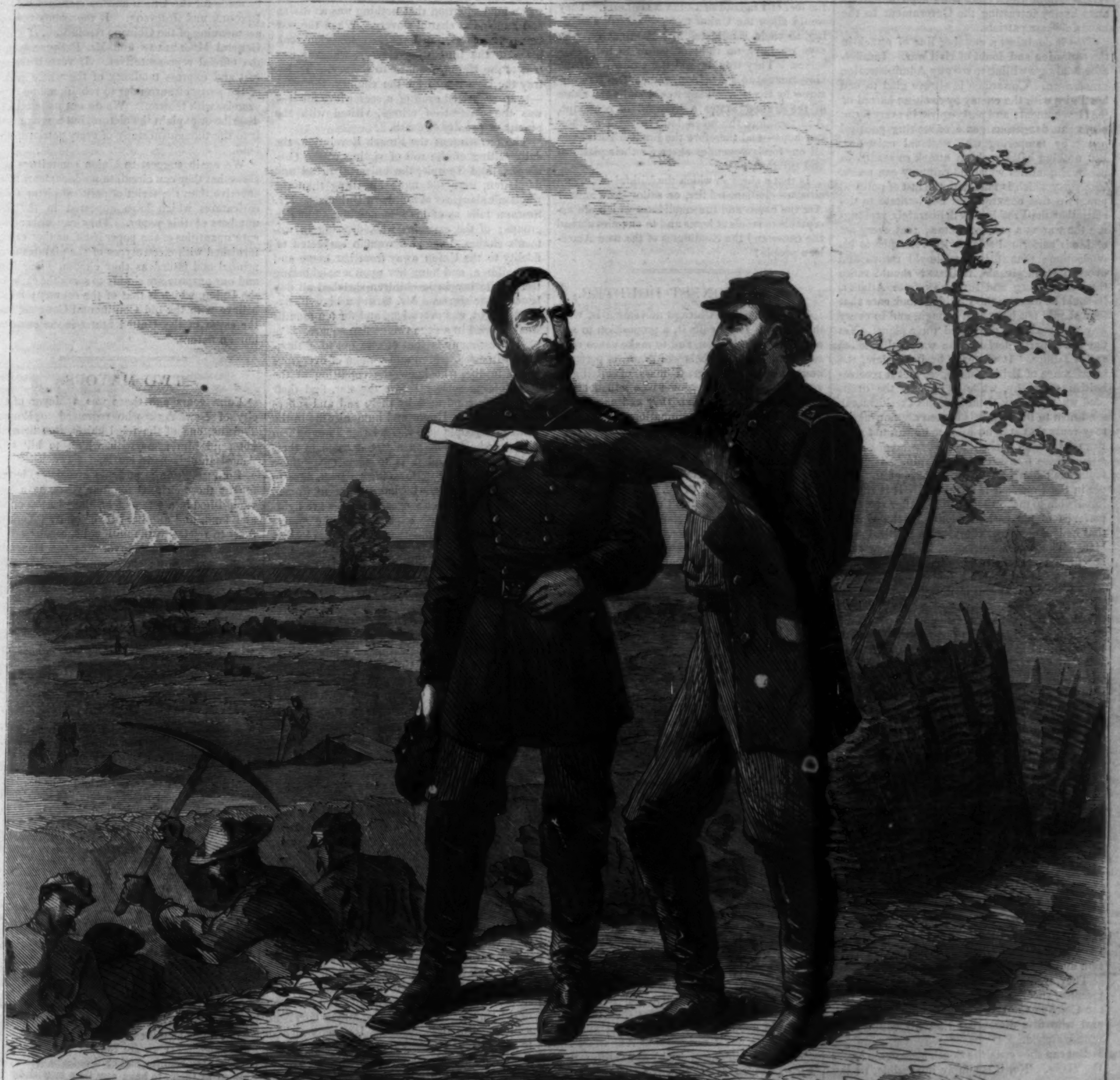
HUNT AND DUANE.

WE give on this page sketches of Brigadier-General HUNT and Major DUANE, the former Chief of Artillery, and the latter Chief Engineer of the Army of the Potomac. Both are soldiers of the first class. HENRY J. HUNT entered the Military Academy at West Point from Ohio in 1835. He graduated with the rank of Second Lieutenant of Artillery. In 1846 he was appointed First Lieutenant. He commanded a section of DUNCAN'S Battery in the Valley of Mexico. For meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco he was raised by brevet to the rank of Captain, and subsequently to that of Major. At El Molino he was wounded. JAMES C. DUANE graduated from West Point in 1844 with the rank of Second Lieutenant of Engineers. The responsible position held by General HUNT and Major DUANE is sufficient testimony to their worth and soldierly ability. The siege operations of General GRANT'S campaign—which, although they do not attract public attention, are yet of the greatest importance—have been principally conducted by these officers.

BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

ON page 660 we give two sketches of SHERIDAN'S great conflict with EARLY in the Valley. One of these represents the Sixth Corps in action after crossing the Opequan. The general engagement commenced a little after noon. The Sixth Corps was commanded by Major-General WRIGHT, who succeeds the gallant SEDGWICK. In the Valley this corps did not forget its old record under its former commander. The other sketch relates to a later period in the day, when the rebels had already given way before the impetuous charge of CROOK and TORBERT. In their retreat from the Opequan the rebels fell back upon Winchester in great confusion. In order to cover the town, or at least to check SHERIDAN'S advance, their right flank was drawn in at an angle with the principal line. RUSSELL'S division is in the front in this the final charge of the battle. The brave commander has been killed, and General UPTON commands in his stead. The retreat soon became a rout, and the rebel army was pushed back through the streets of Winchester. General UPTON was slightly wounded.



GENERAL HUNT AND MAJOR DUANE, CHIEF OF ARTILLERY AND CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—[SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, October 15, 1864.

THE VALUE OF CHARACTER.

THE personal character of the President is the rock upon which the Opposition is wrecked. It dashes against him and his administration, hissing and venomous, but falls back again baffied. From the day when covert rebellion lay in wait to assassinate him in Baltimore, through all the mad hate of the rebel press to the last malignant sneer of Copperhead Conservatism and foreign jealousy, the popular confidence in the unswerving fidelity and purity of purpose of the President has smiled the storm to scorn.

The chief charge against the Administration, thundered in every key, is its despotism. It is incessantly asserted that personal liberty is destroyed, that original rights are annihilated, that we are all the cowering, shivering subjects of the bloody Emperor Abraham, who brings us all to our knees by pointing to one of the innumerable bastiles which shadow the land; all of us, except Arnold Von Winkelried Vallandigham, and John Hampden Wood, and William Tell Gunther, and Patrick Henry Long, and George Washington Seymour, who bravely withstand the tyrant for the sake of justice and human rights. But with these exceptions, we are all groaning under the most intolerable tyranny, from which there is no hope of deliverance but by intrusting the Government to the hands of these patriots.

This is doubtless a cunning line of attack in the confusion and doubt of civil war. Indifference is always willing to see any Administration overthrown. Cowardice is always glad to end hostilities with the enemy by exciting hatred of the Government; and party-spirit, in every form, plays the dangerous game of seeking political power by tampering with national existence. But nothing balks such an attack so readily as personal qualities which no calumny can reach. The party which is mad with the lust of political power in this country does not hesitate to declare that the President is deliberately prolonging the war as a political game; that every act of his is performed solely with reference to his re-election; that if Early should return and overrun Pennsylvania, if Grant should retire from Petersburg and Sherman from Atlanta, it would be because the President took care that they should not have men enough, and in every way thwarted and perplexed their plans. Yet the same party declares the war both wicked and a failure. It entreats, by its leaders, the interference of British influence, and it receives British sympathy, while it opposes the draft. And when you ask them how the President can send men to the Generals if men are not raised, they reply that it is no wonder he can not raise them for such a wicked war.

But these frantic efforts are vain. The profound confidence of the great mass of the people in the President is unshaken. It is simply impossible to make them believe, after their experience of his patient fidelity to the Union, that he is a monstrous despot or a political gambler. The American people, we are very sure, are firmly persuaded that Mr. Vallandigham does not love the Union more than Mr. Lincoln; that Mr. Wood is not truer to popular rights; nor Governor Seymour, whose "friends" are the riotous violators of the public peace and the mad assassins of the poor and defenseless, more faithful to the Constitution than the President of the United States. The conservative power and influence of pure and lofty personal character, in a time of great national peril, was never more signally illustrated than in the official career of Abraham Lincoln.

THE BRITISH LION CHEERS FOR CHICAGO.

The London *Times* bursts into a shout of enthusiastic delight at the nomination of M'Clellan and Pendleton, and the principles which they have been selected to represent.

We have always insisted, says the *Times*, that the North could not subdue the South, and the proof is the Chicago Convention and its nominations.

After three years of tremendous effort the Americans confess themselves conquered, shouts the *Times*, and the proof is the Chicago Convention and its nominations.

They are forced to try to conciliate and compromise, sneers the *Times*, and the proof is that the Chicago Convention has nominated a General who first discovered that his countrymen were whipped.

But can they coax the South back again? asks the *Times*. No, it is simply impossible, replies the *Times*, to its own question; victors are not in the habit of receiving terms from the vanquished. Conquerors dictate their own terms, says the *Times*, and the Southern leaders are not such fools as to relinquish what they have proved their ability to hold.

We understand, says the *Times*, the Chicago talk about Union. It is a tub to the whale. We do not wonder the Convention shrank from blurting out the truth that the South must go free. But that is the meaning of the platform and the nominations. The Chicago leaders know that what they confess can not be done by force will not be accomplished by persuasion. Palaver must always precede, not follow, powder. The United States of America are gone, exults the *Times*. They have split, scattered, and sunk to the bottom. We always knew they would. They were an insolent, upstart republic, menacing British ideas. Their success would have taken from us our commercial sceptre. It would have been a fatal blow at our precious aristocratic system. It would have stimulated the hopes of our poorest classes, and have made them suspect that they were not born to starve. It would have encouraged the laboring man every where. Thank Heaven that danger is past. The United States have tumbled to pieces, and are gone utterly to ruin and destruction. *Laus Deo!* Hurrah for M'Clellan and Pendleton!

Here are the two flanks of the Chicago movement. First, the rebel papers and orators had already told us that their only hope for success lay in the Convention and its action; and now our bitterest and most malignant foreign enemies are perfectly satisfied with the Chicago proceedings.

Two years ago the men who control the Chicago party, and who have now made its platform and nominations, went to the British minister and asked for British interference in our war. The honor of the country is something unknown to them. To secure their return to political power they would humble the United States at the feet of England or Louis Napoleon. They would allow the Union to be dissolved, according to their candidate, Mr. Pendleton, who says we have no right or power to help ourselves. They would yield the authority of the Government to a rebellion, and confess its overthrow by treason. They would make the name of the United States a by-word of contempt. And therefore the rebels look to them as their last hope—and therefore the English Tories and all our foreign enemies cheer for their platform and candidates.

Is that a cheer in which the faithful American citizen—civilian, soldier, or sailor—can unite? Are the cause and the candidates which are acceptable to rebels at home and to enemies abroad the cause and the candidates of the true American people?

TO AN HONEST DOUBTER.

That the whole Chicago movement is, what the London *Times* calls it, a proposition to surrender to the rebellion, and to make peace upon such terms as the rebels will grant, is perfectly understood by the great mass of intelligent voters. But there are some who still honestly think that as Union men they can as properly vote for the Chicago nominations as for Lincoln and Johnson.

Now such men will not deny what Mr. Pendleton frankly avows, that whenever any State is dissatisfied and wishes to leave the Union she ought to be allowed to go. In other words, that the Union exists at the pleasure of any single State, and is therefore just as strong as Delaware and no stronger, and that the credit of the Union is measured by that of the smallest State in it. In Mr. Pendleton's view we are a league of thirty-five sovereign powers, no one of which has any authority over any other; and the duty of a citizen of the League to its Government may be absolved at any moment by the State in which he lives. Will any Union man seriously say that if these views are correct there is, in any true view, a Government of the United States, or a Union in any national sense?

Yet these are the honest opinions of Mr. Pendleton, who consequently and logically holds that the war is a crime, and he has therefore always consistently spoken against it, and voted against it. How then can any man, who seriously believes that the Union can and ought to be maintained against all armed attack, honestly vote for Mr. Pendleton when he knows his position?

For the purposes of the election General M'Clellan and Mr. Pendleton are one. You can not vote for one without the other. And why do they stand together? Simply because the men who made the platform, and who would, if the Chicago ticket were successful, control the policy of the party, agree with Mr. Pendleton; and being sure of him, of the platform, and of the great body of the voters, are cunning enough to shake General M'Clellan in the eyes of Union men as a decoy.

But would any such Union man as we speak of and to, believe that this paper were thoroughly and in good faith devoted to the Union if it supported a ticket composed of Abraham Lincoln for President and of Vallandigham for Vice-President? Would such a man not at once say: "If Mr. Lincoln were a true Union man he could not accept the nomination of men who call for surrender to rebels, and who nominate Vallandigham as his substitute in case of death."

What he would justly say to us we say to him. The antecedents of the men who have nominated M'Clellan—their openly-expressed views at the Convention—their platform, which is the official manifesto of the party—their candidate for the Vice-Presidency, a frank disunionist and partisan of absolute State sovereignty—M'Clellan's acceptance of their nomination and of his fellow-nominee, without a word of dissent from the principles announced or the least censure of the humiliating policy proposed—all these things combined must prove to every fair-minded man that when he votes for the M'Clellan-Pendleton electors he votes to commit the country and the Union to the men who made the Chicago platform, for whose success the rebels pray, and in the hope of whose triumph every foreign foe of the American Union rejoices.

REBEL TERRORISM.

In "Pea Ridge and Prairie Grove," a little work by William Baxter, an Arkansas refugee, sold by him in Cincinnati, and sent upon receipt of a dollar, we have another tale of the terrible sufferings of the Union men at the South.

In the plain talks of Mr. F. W. Sumner, of Texas, describing his personal experience, we have another of the revolting and heart-sickening scenes of the same tragedy.

No speeches or documents seem to us so searching and persuasive as such books and talks. They reveal the true spirit of the society which has generated this rebellion. They show how utterly human nature is imbruted by slavery. The one condition of personal quiet in the Slave States, as we have all long known, was a loud assertion that nothing was so divine and humane as chattel slavery. When the war began it was assumed that, as secession took place in the interest of slavery, whoever was true to the Union was false to slavery. To betray the least regard for the country, therefore—to be suspected even of a secret love for it—was the chiefest of crimes, visited with the promptest penalty of death.

The terrorism of the French Revolution, the daily calling of the roll of victims at the *Conciergerie* and Temple, the universal dread and desolation, were not more appalling than the wholesale slaughter of Southern Unionists. Mr. Sumner tells us of his best neighbors hung in groups; of the assassins who, dressing in women's clothes, dragged a woman suspected of fidelity to the Union away from her home and her children, and hung her upon a neighboring tree, while her little children shrieked all day beneath her corpse. Mr. Sumner himself, flying by night, was overtaken, and for ten months was confined in a cage twelve feet square.

His testimony is that of one out of a thousand witnesses. Men and women of every position in life, who knew the condition of the slaveholding society before the war, find their experience confirmed by these sad and suffering witnesses. Honor and humanity die in the heart of a people who will tolerate among them no one who is not an abject devotee of their brutal deity. And it is to such men—these murderers of our fellow-citizens who dare to love their country, who hang innocent women before their children's eyes, and who are fighting for an indefinite expansion of the system which degrades them—that the Chicago leaders propose that the victorious American people shall surrender by voting for M'Clellan and Pendleton.

The "Conservatives" who burn orphan-asylums, and massacre men, women, and children because they are poor and friendless, will naturally vote for the candidates of the policy which proposes to let the assassins of Union women dictate the terms of Union. But every brave and generous citizen, every man who is true to the Union and its Government, will vote and work for the policy which proposes by force of arms to reduce these criminals to entire obedience to the Government and to the penalty of the law.

"BLURTING."

Mr. C. Godfrey Gunther is an ardent supporter of the Chicago Platform. He also presided at the M'Clellan-Pendleton meeting in Union Square. He is also Mayor of the City of New York. But when it is proposed that American citizens shall illuminate their houses in honor of glorious victories over the national enemies lately won by American soldiers and sailors, this warm supporter of M'Clellan and Pendleton forbids it.

Some of the Copperhead journals are alarmed. They think that if Presidents of their meetings refuse to rejoice over Union victories it will be suspected that the Chicago party is indifferent to the Union. So they blame Mayor Gunther a little. But it is useless. It is easy enough to repudiate Dogberry and laugh at him. But the unlucky truth, which can not be repudiated or concealed, is just this—that every man who, with Mayor Gunther, hates to hear of Union victories; who, with Mayor Gunther, believes the war to be a failure; who, with Mayor Gunther, thinks that we ought to have an immediate cessation of hostilities; who, with Mayor Gunther, wishes to compromise with armed rebels; who, with Mayor Gunther, thinks that the Government of the United States ought to surrender to the rebellion—every such man intends, with Mayor Gunther, to vote for Mr. Pendleton and General M'Clellan.

Mayor Gunther is one of the men who, in the words of the London *Times*, "blurt out" exactly what his party means.

THE LONDON-CHICAGO VIEW.

The effect of the late Union victories upon the prospects of the M'Clellan-Pendleton nominations are accurately described in the New York correspondence of the London *Herald*. The foreign enemies of the United States agree with the Copperheads and Mayor Gunther, the President of the M'Clellan-Pendleton ratification meeting, that the successes of Grant and Sheridan, of Farragut and Sherman, are not matters of rejoicing. Are these persons, who regret the victories won by the valor of United States soldiers and sailors, those to whom the United States Government can safely be intrusted? The correspondent of the London *Herald* says:

> "There is no doubt that the friends of General M'Clellan, recently nominated for the Presidency, regard the late Federal successes as downright disasters.... Hence the Democrats make no secret of their discouragement and dismay at these chance evidences of vitality in the Union armies."

"THE CHICAGO PLATFORM."

We publish to-day, in Mr. Nast's illustration of the Chicago Platform, one of the most overwhelming and convincing speeches that can be made for the Union and its standard-bearers Lincoln and Johnson. It represents the exact meaning of the Chicago resolutions, of which General M'Clellan and Mr. Pendleton are the official representatives. It reveals the secret and express tendency of the whole policy of the party of surrender to rebellion, and compromise with treason. We do not undertake to describe or explain the picture, but we commend it to the thoughtful study of every patriot in the land.

We again suggest to Union committees and clubs that they can circulate no documents more effective than the series of political pictures and caricatures which have appeared in the late numbers of this paper. They can either procure quantities of the paper itself, or they can be furnished with electrotypes of the pictures to be printed and issued as they choose. Our hope and our purpose are simply to serve the cause of the Union, which is that of the country; for we believe with the old Continental Congress that the cause of the United States is the cause of human nature.

TWO MAYORS.

Four years ago there was a Mayor of the city of New York who regretted to Robert Toombs, one of the rebel chiefs, that he could not send him arms with which to kill loyal American citizens in battle.

Robert Toombs and his associates, having fought those citizens for four years, have been vanquished in a series of brilliant battles on sea and land, and another Mayor of New York refuses to rejoice in the national success.

The first-named Mayor was the Honorable Fernando Wood; the second is the Honorable C. Godfrey Gunther. They are both "representative men," and both warmly support the Chicago Platform and advocate the M'Clellan-Pendleton nomination.

Are they the file-leaders whom the men who win the victories, and those who rejoice over them, are likely to choose?

DEATH OF CAPTAIN SPEKE.

This famous African explorer and discoverer of the source of the Nile, whose Journal of his Expedition was lately published, and has taken place among the most interesting works of African travel, has suddenly and most sadly been the means of his own death. The local paper in England gives the following account of the circumstances:

> "He had gone down to Bath to attend the meeting of the British Association, where his presence was expected with an eager interest. On Thursday morning he went out to shoot. In forcing a way through a hedge, with his gun upon his arm, the piece was touched by the twigs. It exploded, and the charge went through his heart, causing instantaneous death. How strangely sad that a man who had seen and done so much, who had undergone and overcome so many perils of journeyings, of waters, of robbers, should come home to end his career thus miserably!"

SLANDER.

We thank a discharged soldier in Vicksburg, who sends us his name, and asks us to refute a slander which he incloses, for his kind regard for our good fame. But he must be satisfied to know that it is a slander. For we are too busily engaged in defending the country and civil order from the blows aimed at them, to have any time or wish to repel those intended for us. Our correspondent says that the slander is taken from one of the Copperhead papers,

> "That tickle the minds of the rebels, disgust *all* loyal men, and raise the d—l generally; that go in for Vallandigham, M'Clellan, and giving the South what even they have not had the impudence to ask for after the events of the last three years."

So we supposed; and the source of the slander shows its worth.

FROM THE ARMY OF THE NORTHWEST.

An officer in this army writes:

"I can not refrain from giving you an idea of the feeling existing in the army regarding the recent Chicago Convention. Curses not loud but deep greet the ear as the boys talk of the traitors who talk of compromise, etc. But when your *Weekly* of the 3d made its appearance in our camp excitement knew no bounds, and the members of this Company (C) to a man requested their officers to petition President LINCOLN to stop their pay; that they would fight to the last if he would only hang the traitors who talked of compromise. They did not want any more pay; if Uncle Sam had no money they would fight for nothing; only no compromise. We did not begin the war, and have suffered too much to compromise with traitors when the infernal rebellion is tottering on its last legs. I know such is the general feeling in all our organizations throughout Minnesota, and I cordially indorse them."

FROM THE ARMY BEFORE RICHMOND.

WE quote from an officer's letter, dated "Near Petersburg, September 5:"

"I speak for a majority of the army when I say, don't vote for him [M'CLELLAN]. You could not do the army greater harm than by electing him. He is the last hook the rebels have to hang a hope on."

FROM THE ARMY OF THE SHENANDOAH.

"AN Old Soldier of the Shenandoah" writes as follows of Mr. NAST's picture, and adds some very agreeable remarks upon the *Weekly:*

"'The Blessings of Victory' have not come too soon; just in time to represent the great and glorious victory of the Army of the Shenandoah. Nothing could better represent the feelings of the soldier—a glorious victory, and an honorable peace will soon follow. The true soldier is sure and confident; while the weak, 'at home,' are despondent. The soldiers are proud of your noble paper, as it takes such high and bold stand for the 'Union now and forever,' and the integrity of our Government. 'All honor to the *elegant* sheet!' You have won an enviable place in the hearts of the soldiers. You are doing your duty as an editor, while the soldier is fighting in the field. I wish we could say this of every editor in the land. But how different—while we are fighting her 'battles,' many unholy articles are penned against our cause and us. '*Shame*' on such men, if we can call them such!

"The soldier knows his friends at home; and *Harper's Weekly*, which has always defended him, receives the enthusiasm of his heart, and he can never forget that *good old friend* in these trying hours of our republic.

"God grant you the success you deserve in battling for your country's good!

"The vote for M'CLELLAN in the army will be small; and ABRAHAM LINCOLN, 'the soldier's friend,' will be their almost unanimous choice. The intelligent will vote for *him*, and victory will finally crown our patriotic efforts."

A WORD FROM THE NAVY.

THE letter of an officer commanding in the waters of North Carolina gives a new view of the rebel conscription. It has now reached the women. The earnest adjuration of the gallant officer not to fail to re-elect LINCOLN shows that the cause and its representative are well understood by the sailors as the soldiers:

"U. S. GUN-BOAT, ALBEMARLE SOUND.

* * * * * * *

"I manage to distress the enemy occasionally even here in the waters of the *loyal* State of North Carolina. I had a splendid time up at a little place called Columbia some two weeks ago. It averages about three a day of refugees that come off to us. DAVIS and his followers are scouring the whole country, taking men, horses, in fact every thing, and even *conscript women* and send them to the hospitals to attend to their sick and wounded. We have always been under the impression there was enough patriotism in them to attend to those things. I had a conscript woman to come on board, which proves the fact. She was conscripted because her husband joined the 'Yanks.'

* * * * * * *

"We are perfectly healthy here, excepting occasionally we are troubled with a 'ram' fever. You will hear something some of these days unless I am mistaken. Keep the army full a little longer, and the rebellion will collapse. Nothing can prevent it. They are on their last legs; and *don't fail to re-elect* LINCOLN."

GENERAL DIX'S POSITION.

THE noble speech of General DIX at Sandusky is in the key of his order, "If any man haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." He was received with three rousing cheers, and said, in response to a serenade:

"FELLOW-CITIZENS,—I am very thankful to you for the honor you have done me. As I arrived here late to-night, am engaged in public business, and shall depart at an early hour in the morning, I know you will excuse me if I limit what I have to say to a simple acknowledgment of your kindness and courtesy.

"I will say one word, however, on the subject which lies nearest the heart of every loyal man—I mean the rebellion. It has been my conviction from the beginning that we can have no honorable peace until the insurgent armies are dispersed and the leaders of the rebellion expelled from the country. [Loud cheers.] I believe that a cessation of hostilities would lead inevitably and directly to a recognition of the insurgent States; and when I say this, I need hardly add that I can have no part in any political movement of which the Chicago Platform is the basis. [Renewed cheering and applause.] No, fellow-citizens, the only hope of securing an honorable peace—a peace which shall restore the Union and the Constitution, lies in a steady, persistent, and unremitting prosecution of the war [Great applause]; and I believe the judgment of every right-thinking man will soon bring him to this conviction.

"With these few remarks, and renewing the expression of my thanks for your kindness, I bid you all good-night."

BISHOP SIMPSON AND THE FLAG.

AT the late session of the Pittsburg Annual Conference of the Methodist Church Bishop SIMPSON, one of the most eminent and apostolic divines, and most eloquent orators in the country, made a speech upon the four questions:

"Shall our Government be destroyed and swept from the earth? Can we be divided into two or more Governments? Shall we have a new form of Government? Is not the Nation to rise out of its present troubles better, firmer, and more powerful?"

The effect of his discourse is described as very remarkable. Toward the close an eye-witness says:

"Laying his hands on the torn and ball-riddled colors of the Seventy-third Ohio, he spoke of the battle-fields where they had been baptized in blood, and described their beauty as some small patch of azure, filled with stars, that an angel had snatched from the heavenly canopy to set the stripes in blood. With this description began a scene that DEMOSTHENES might have envied. All over the vast assembly handkerchiefs and hats were waved, and before the speaker sat down the whole throng arose, as if by a magic influence, and screamed, and shouted, and saluted, and stamped, and clapped, and wept, and laughed in wild excitement. Colonel MOODY sprung to the top of a bench, and called for 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' which was sung, or rather shouted, until the audience dispersed, as it had to disperse."

THE NEW LOAN.

THE Secretary of the Treasury announces that he will receive Proposals, until October 14, for forty millions of 5-20 Bonds. The 5-20s have always been so popular that a liberal premium is expected, and a considerable amount will probably be taken on foreign account. The 7-30 loan will not be interfered with, and remains the most convenient investment at par that is now in the market, while the "Proposals" may be desirable for banks and capitalists. The subscriptions to the 7-30s have already amounted to over forty-five millions. Full particulars in relation to both these loans will be found in our advertising columns.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE KISS IN SCHOOL.

A DISTRICT school not far away,
'Mid Berkshire's hills, one winter's day,
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of threescore mingled girls and boys—
Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more on future mischief bent;
The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy-book—
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack!
As 'twere a battery of bliss
Let off in one tremendous kiss.
"What's that?" the startled master cries,
"That, thir," a little imp replies,
"Wath Willion Willith, if you please—
I thaw him kith Thuthannah Peathe!"
With frown to make a statue thrill,
The master thundered, "Hither, Will!"
Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head with fear and shame,
And to that awful presence came,
A great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fun.
With smile suppressed and birch upraised,
The threat'ner faltered, "I'm amazed
That you, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude!
Before the whole set school, to boot—
What evil genius put you to't?"
"'Twas she herself, Sir," sobbed the lad,
"I didn't mean to be so bad—
But when Susannah shook her curls,
And whisper'd I was 'fraid of girls,
And darsn't kiss a baby's doll,
I couldn't stand it, Sir, at all!
But up and kissed her on the spot;
I know—boo-hoo—I ought to not,
But somehow from her looks—boo-hoo—
I thought she kind o' wished me to."

WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

A LOVE LETTER.—"Och, Paddy! swate Paddy, if I was yer daddy, I'd kill ye wid kisses intirely; if I was yer brother, and likewise yer muther, I'd see that ye went to bed airly. To taste of yer breath, I wud starve me to death, and lay off my hoops altogether; to joost have a taste of yer arm on me waste, I'd larf at the manest of weathur. Dear Paddy, be mine, me own swate valentine—ye'll find me both gintle and civil; our life we will spind to an illegant ind, and care may go dance wid the divil."

When Carter, the lion king, was exhibiting with Ducrow, at Astley's, a manager, with whom Carter had made and broken an engagement, issued a writ against him. The bailiffs came to the stage-door, and asked for Carter. "Show the gentlemen up," said Ducrow; and when they reached the stage there sat Carter composedly in the great cage, with an enormous lion on each side of him. "There is Mr. Carter waiting for you, gentlemen," said Ducrow; "go in and take him. Carter, my boy, open the door. Carter proceeded to obey, at the same time eliciting, by a private signal, a tremendous roar from his companions. The bailiffs staggered back in terror, rolled over each other as they rushed down stairs, and nearly fainted before they reached the street.

The old theologians presume, with no little show of reason, that all women, with the exception of Mary, will rise on the last day as men, in order that no anger, or envy, or jealousy may exist in heaven.

WHAT WE LEARN IN FOREIGN PARTS.—When last we were in Paris we strolled into the *Palais de Justice*, and soon found ourselves wandering in the famous *Salle des Pas Perdus*. On inquiring, we discovered that the *Salle des Pas* was not intended as a companion refuge to the *Champ de Mars;* and we also learned that the *Pas Perdus* were in no way paternally related to the *Enfants Trouvés*. These facts were no less new than pleasing to us, and so accordingly we have made a note of them.

Marriage is love personified.

Books in these days are generally like some kind of trees—a good many leaves and no fruit.

DIFFERENT WAYS OF TRAVELING.—Man travels to expand his ideas; but Woman—judging from the number of boxes she invariably takes with her—travels only with the object of expanding her dresses.

An Irish wake—a *spree du corps*.

ON A GENTLEMAN NAMED HEDDY.

In reading his name it may truly be said,
You will make that man *dy* if you cut off his *Hed*.

Why is a gentleman enjoying a snooze, and refreshed by it, like a hunter who goes at a jump with a number of others?—Because he takes his (s)leap with the rest.

A young lady once married a man by the name of Dust against the wishes of her parents. After a short time they lived unhappily together, and she returned to her father's house, but he refused to receive her, saying, "Dust thou art, and unto Dust thou shalt return."

"THE UPPER TEN THOUSAND."—The F—s and B—s in Lodging House Bedrooms.

"So you are going to keep house, are you?" said an elderly maiden to a blushing bride. "Yes," was the reply. "Going to have a girl, I suppose?" The newly-made wife colored, and then responded that she "really didn't know whether it would be a girl or boy."

DOMESTIC CONUNDRUM.—What's the difference between sixty minutes and one of my sisters? Give it up, do you?—Why, one's *an hour*, and the other's "*our Ann!*"

Universal love is like a mitten which fits all hands alike, but none closely; true affection is like a glove which fits one hand only, but sits closely to that one.

Marble is a hard substance, often used as a tablet for hard lying.

The life-preservers most frequently used in the battle-field are long legs.

A cook may not have as many boils as Job, but then they are as big as kettles.

"How much do you ask for that goose?" inquired a customer of a market-woman. "Seven shillings for the two," replied the woman. "But I only want one," said the customer. "I can't help it," said the woman; "I ain't a-goin' to sell one without the other. To my certain knowledge them 'ere geese have been together for more'n thirteen years, and I ain't a-goin' to be so unfeelin' as to separate 'em now."

Somebody says that the oldest husbandry he knows of is the marrying of a widower in clover with a widow in weeds.

A little fellow going to church for the first time, where the pews were very high, was asked, on coming out, what he did in church, when he replied, "I went into a cupboard, and took a seat on the shelf."

We confess, says a contemporary, that poetry permits her votaries to indulge in all sorts of metaphorical ideas, but this takes them all down:

"With eye of fire majestically he rose,
And spoke divinely through his double-barreled nose."

A drunken fellow got out of his calculation, and was dozing in the street, when the bells roused him by their ringing for fire. "Nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen," cried he; "well, if this isn't later than I ever knew it."

ON THE FOUR GEORGES.

George the First was always reckon'd
Vile—but viler George the Second;
And what mortal ever heard
Any good of George the Third?
When from earth the fourth descended,
God be praised, the Georges ended!

A traveler who met a countryman in mourning made the observation, "You have lost some of your friends, I see." "Yes, Zur," was the reply. "Was it a *near* or a *distant* relative?" "Well, purty distant—'*bout twenty-four mile*."

A man may declaim about religion without having much of it. It doesn't follow that one's stomach is full of food because he talks with victuals in his mouth.

What is the difference between a person transfixed with amazement and a leopard's tail?—The one is rooted to the spot, the other spotted to the root.

A Dundee journal circulates the following story: On one occasion a beggar wife, on receiving a gratuity from the Rev. John Skinner, of Longside, author of "Tullochgorum," said to him by way of thanks, "Oh, Sir, I houp that ye and a' your family will be in heaven the nicht." "Well," said Skinner, "I am very much obliged to you, only you need not have just been so particular as to the time."

A gentleman anxious to hear a celebrated West-end preacher, found himself in such a crowd that to get a seat seemed impossible. He watched the pew-owner's eyes looking very inquiringly at the hands of the applicants for seats, and he thought to himself, "Oh, oh, a fee is expected!" So taking out half a crown he held it most invitingly between his two fingers, and it was not long before it had the desired effect. He was quietly beckoned into a seat, whereupon he slipped a half-penny into the woman's hand. Presently, when the singing commenced, she came bustling round to him with a hymn-book, whispering, as she handed it to him, "You made a mistake, Sir, you only gave me a half-penny." "All right," he answered, "I never give less."

The motto which was inserted under the arms of William, Prince of Orange, on his accession to the English crown was, "Non rapui, sed recepi" (I did not steal it, but I received it). This being shown to Dean Swift he said, "The receiver is as bad as the thief."

Hopkins once lent Simpson, his next-door neighbor, an umbrella, and having an urgent call to make on a wet day knocked at Simpson's door. "I want my umbrella." "Can't have it," said Simpson. "Why? I want to go to the East End, and it rains in torrents; what am I to do for an umbrella?" "Do?" answered Simpson, passing through the door, "do as I did, borrow one."

Theodore Hook once observed a party of laborers sinking a well. "What are you about?" he inquired. "Boring for water, Sir," was the answer. "Water's a bore at any time," responded Hook; "besides, you're quite wrong; remember the old proverb—'Let *well* alone.'"

Taking babies to church is rightly termed a crying sin.

A Jew who was condemned to be hanged was brought to the gallows, and was just on the point of being turned off when a reprieve arrived. When informed of this, it was expected he would instantly have quitted the cart, but he staid to see a fellow-prisoner hanged; and being asked why he did not get about his business, he said, "He waited to see if he could bargain with Mr. Ketch for the *other* gentleman's clothes."

A Scotch clergyman preaching a drowsy sermon asked, "What is the price of earthly pleasure?" The deacon, a fat grocer, woke up hastily from a sound sleep, and cried out, lustily, "Seven-and-sixpence a dozen!"

"Well, Sir," asked a noisy disputant, "don't you think that I have mauled my antagonist to some purpose?" "Oh yes," replied a listener, "you have—and if ever I should happen to fight with the Philistines I'll borrow your jaw-bone."

An affectionate Irishman once enlisted in the 75th Regiment in order to be near his brother, who was a corporal in the 76th.

A comedian who had been almost lifted from his feet by the pressure at the funeral of a celebrated tragedian, ultimately reached the church-door. Having recovered his breath, which had been suspended in the effort, he exclaimed: "And so this is the last we shall ever see of him! Poor fellow! he has drawn a full house, though, to the end."

An East-India Governor having died abroad, his body was put in arrack to preserve it for interment in England. A sailor on board the ship being frequently drunk, the captain forbade the purser, and indeed all in the ship, to let him have any liquor. Shortly after the fellow appeared very drunk. How he obtained the liquor no one could guess. The captain resolved to find out, promising to forgive him if he would tell from whom he got the liquor. After some hesitation he hiccoughed out, "Why, please your Honor, I tapped the Governor."

A boy being asked what was the plural of "penny," very promptly replied, "twopence."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

SHERIDAN has reaped the fruits of his great victories in the Valley. After the defeat of Early at Fisher's Hill, on the 22d of September, Sheridan pursued the flying rebels all night. The enemy's rear-guard was overtaken 35 miles south of Winchester at Mount Jackson. About 300 prisoners were captured, and stragglers were continually giving themselves up. Taking the Keezletown Road, Early left the Valley on the night of the 24th. Sheridan captured 800 rebel wounded at Harrisonburg. The cavalry advanced immediately on Port Republic and Staunton. In the pursuit to Port Republic seventy-five wagons and four caissons were destroyed. Torbert entered Staunton on the 26th "and destroyed a large quantity of rebel property, harness, saddles, small-arms, hard bread, flour, repair-shops," etc. Proceeding to Waynesborough, he destroyed the iron bridge over the south branch of the Shenandoah, seven miles of the track, and a large amount of property. Sheridan believed that the remnant of Early's army had passed through the mountains to Charlottesville. Kershaw's Division it appears had been recalled to Richmond, but so closely was Early pursued that it was necessary to send it back again. A great amount of forage will be lost to the rebels with the loss of the Valley. Sheridan says: All the grain and forage in the vicinity of Staunton was retained for the use of Early's army; while all in the lower part of the Valley was shipped to Richmond for Lee's army. He denies that the Nineteenth Corps was late in coming to the battle of Winchester.

General Grant's army is also in motion. On the 29th the Tenth and Eighteenth Corps crossed the James at Deep Bottom. Before daylight the Eighteenth Corps started out on the Varina Road, drove in the enemy's pickets, and at a distance of eleven miles from Richmond encountered the first line of works at Chapin's Farm. Stannard's Division, which was in the advance, moved boldly up to an earth-work mounting two 100-pounders and two other heavy guns. This being carried by assault, General Ord was directing the troops to capture other fortifications when he was put out of combat by a slight wound. The men, undaunted by the loss of their commander, captured the entire works at this point, with sixteen guns and 300 prisoners. Only two divisions, Heckman's and Stannard's, were engaged. General Burnham was killed, and General Stannard was wounded. Paine's Colored Division operated with the Tenth Corps on the Kingsland Road, and was in the advance. An engagement occurred near the junction of the Kingsland and New Market roads, a short distance from Deep Bottom. Here a line of works was captured with considerable loss; and Birney advanced on the New Market Road toward Richmond. The advance was checked at the junction of the Varina and New Market roads. The fortifications at this point were attacked unsuccessfully. The loss in the colored division was very great. Kautz's cavalry in the mean time made a reconnoissance as far as to the toll-gate, two miles from Richmond. On the 30th General Lee brought up Heth, Hoke, Field, and Wilcox to reinforce his left. At 2 o'clock P.M. the rebels, thus strengthened, made an attack on the Eighteenth Corps, whose right was now connected with the left of the Tenth. Major-General Weitzel commanded the Eighteenth. The enemy was repulsed with great loss. A heavy rain on the night of the 30th impeded the advance in this direction.

While Butler's army was engaged north of the James Meade's attacked the rebel right on the 30th, and gained an important position at Poplar Grove Church, near Southside Road. The troops engaged at this point were chiefly of the Fifth Corps, with two divisions of the Ninth. The next day General Ayre's division of the Fifth Corps was attacked by the rebels, who were repulsed with loss. There was also a cavalry engagement between Wade Hampton's force and Gregg's on the Vaughan Road, on our left: Hampton was driven back.

GENERAL SHERMAN.

General Hood, at the last advices, was intrenched on the West Point and Montgomery Railroad, twenty miles south of Atlanta, and near the junction of the West Point with the Macon Road. What Sherman's plan of future operations may be has not yet transpired.

In the mean time General Forrest is again raiding on Sherman's rear, with a force estimated at seven thousand men, with twenty guns. Advancing across the Tennessee he captured Athens, in Northern Alabama. The town was surrendered by Colonel Campbell, after a fight of two hours, the garrison consisting of 500 men. 300 more Federals were captured who were on the way to reinforce Campbell. Athens is a town on the Nashville and Decatur Railroad. This road was considerably injured between Athens and Decatur by the rebels, who immediately advanced on Pulaski, seventy-five miles south of Nashville, on the same road. They succeeded in driving the force posted at Elk River, and in destroying the Sulphur Spring trestle. The Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad is a short distance east of this road. On the 28th the telegraph wires on both roads were cut, cutting off all communication with Nashville. Rousseau on the 26th took the field and met the enemy at Pulaski. No battle occurred, however, as Forrest withdrew toward the Chattanooga Road, which Rousseau immediately took measures to guard.

INVASION OF MISSOURI.

Price is again moving into Missouri with a force estimated at from ten to thirty thousand men. On the 27th the main portion of this force was at Fredericktown in the southwestern part of the State. There was great excitement, and it was thought that a raid was contemplated on St. Louis. General Rosecrans is actively taking measures to meet the emergency, and General Mower is expected to move upon Price's rear from the south. The forces in the district of Central Missouri have been withdrawn from other points and concentrated at Jefferson city. General Ewing, commanding at Pilot Knob, was nearly surrounded. Several attacks have been made on his position, all of which have been repulsed. General Ewing has three thousand men, and at last accounts had succeeded in withdrawing his force from Pilot Knob. Price was advancing on Rolla.

FOREIGN NEWS.

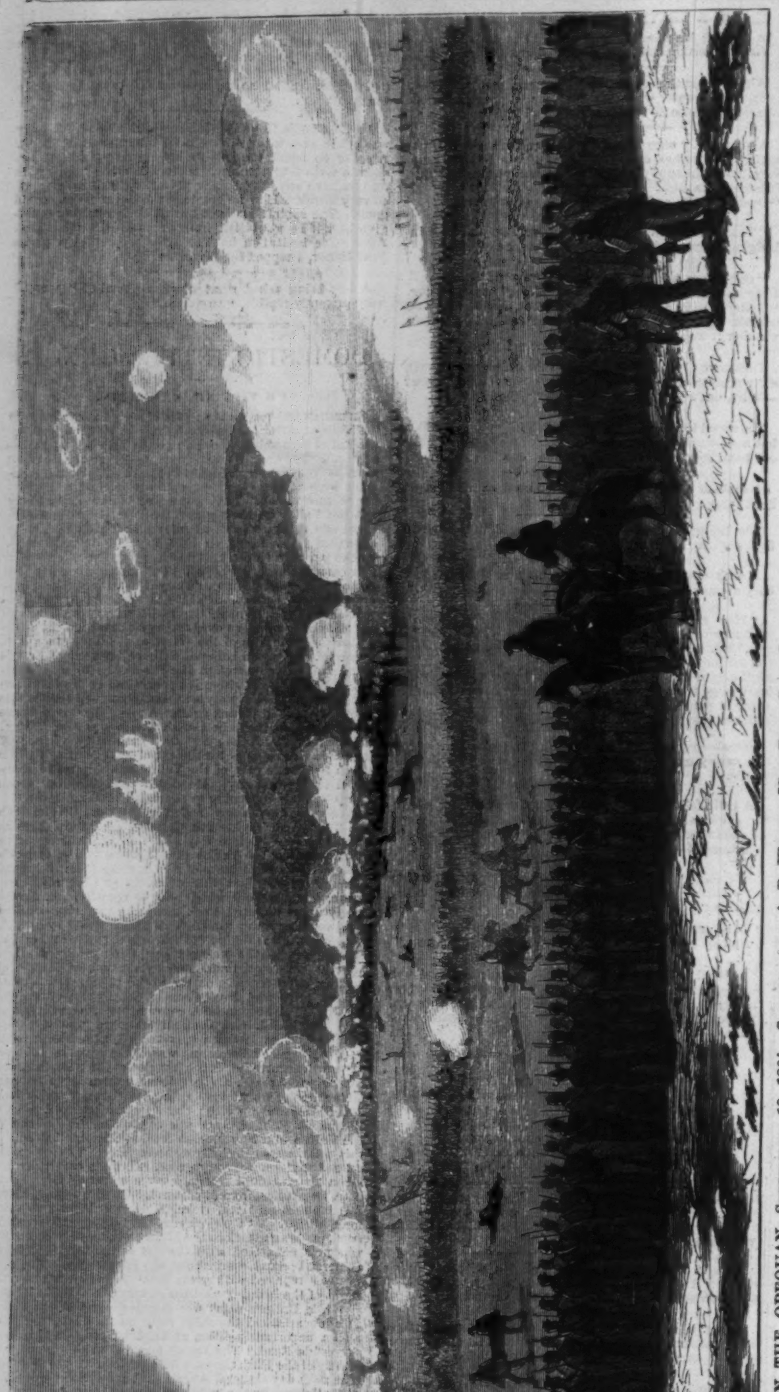
EUROPE.

NEWS has reached England of the fall of Atlanta, which the London *Times* says "may fairly be regarded as crowning with success the campaign of the southwestern army of the Union."

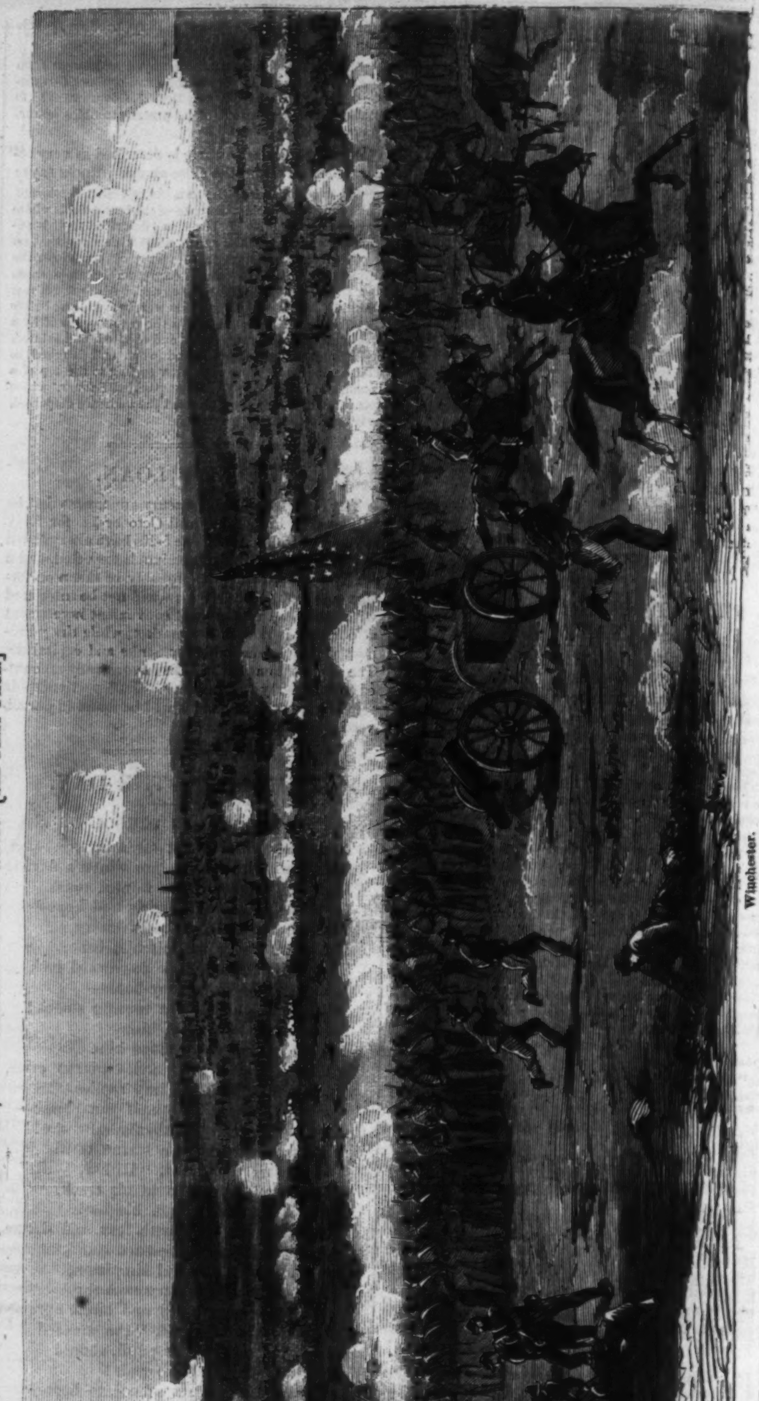
Muller, the alleged murderer of Mr. Briggs, has arrived in London. The excitement on the occasion was unprecedented in court annals.

A disastrous fire recently occurred in London, involving a loss of two millions and a half dollars.

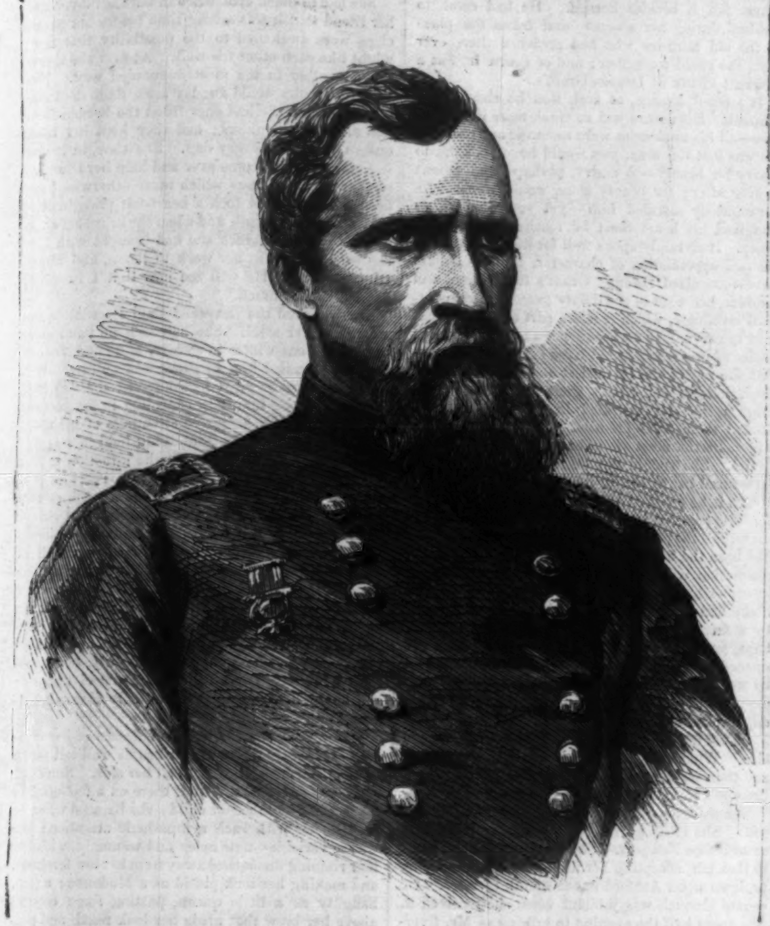
The Danish question begins again to wear a threatening aspect, in consequence of the refusal of Denmark to agree upon terms of peace. Sweden takes sides with Denmark.



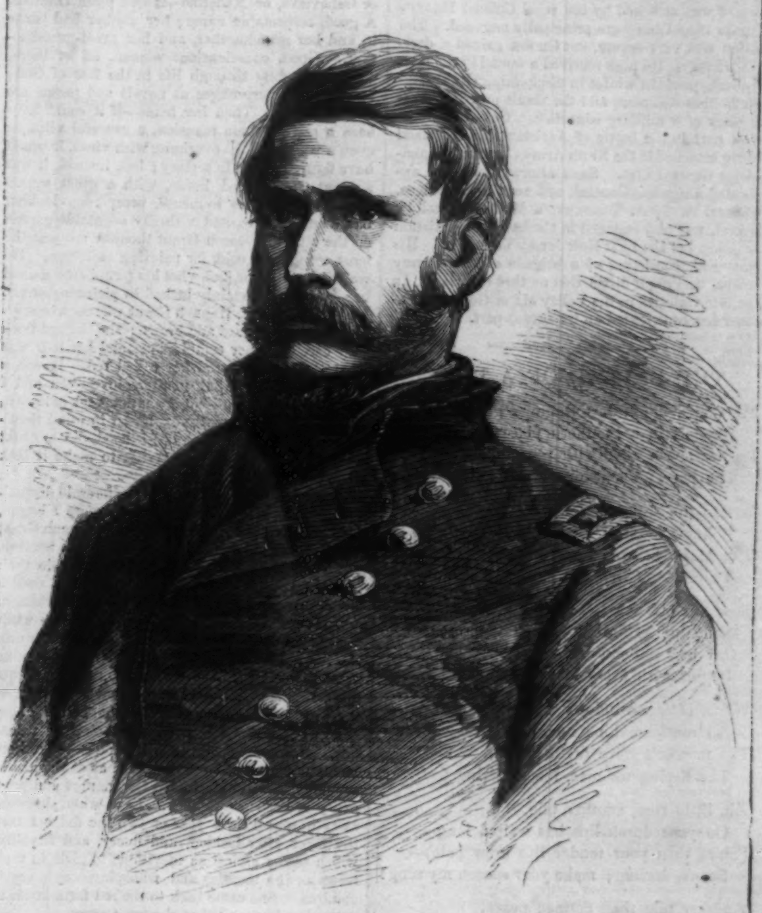
THE SIXTH CORPS IN ACTION ON THE OPEQUAN, SEPTEMBER 19, 1864.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]


Mansion on Dorsey's Place.
Winchester.

EARLY'S ARMY FALLING BACK UPON WINCHESTER, SEPTEMBER 19, 1864.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE FIRST PAGE.]



MAJOR-GENERAL DAVID B. BIRNEY.—[Photographed by Brady.]



MAJOR-GENERAL E. O. C. ORD.—[Photographed by Anthony.]

GENERALS BIRNEY AND ORD.

Generals Birney and Ord, whose portraits are above given, command respectively the Tenth and Eighteenth Corps of Butler's army. These officers had charge of the late operations north of the James River, in which Major-General Ord was wounded.

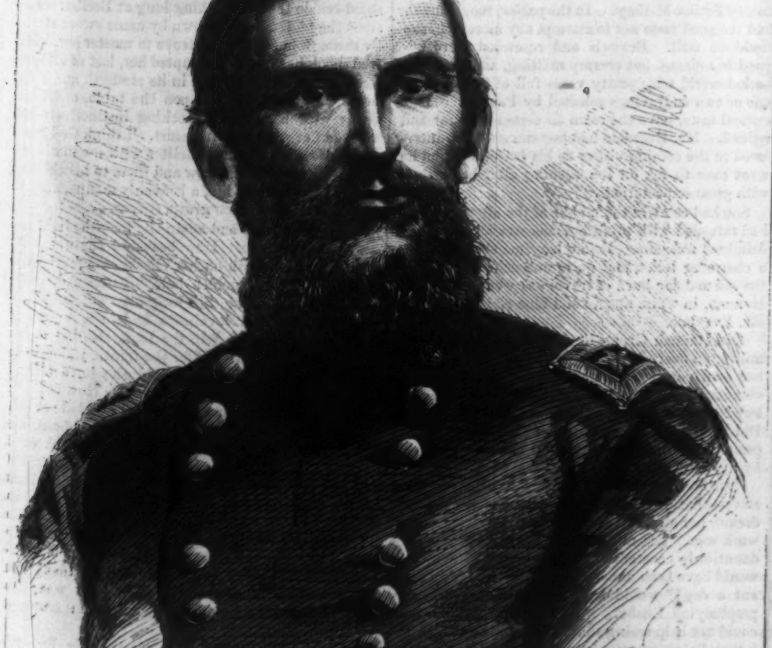
General David B. Birney was born in Alabama. He was the son of a rich planter, James B. Birney, who, although a Southerner by birth and a slaveholder, became a radical abolitionist. He carried his political creed into practice by coming to Ohio and emancipating his slaves. He was a Presidential candidate in 1844, when Henry Clay was the Whig nominee, and is said to have defeated the election of the latter by dividing the Whig party. Clay and Birney together had a popular majority of more than 24,000. General Birney was doing business in Philadelphia when the present war began. In August, 1861, he took the field as Colonel of the Twenty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers. From a Colonel Birney was steadily promoted until he was appointed Major-General. He commanded a division in the Second Corps of the Army of the Potomac previous to assuming the command of the Tenth Corps.

Major-General E. O. C. Ord, a native of the District of Columbia, was a son of Lieutenant James Ord. He graduated from West Point in 1839 with the rank of Second Lieutenant of Artillery. In September, 1850, he was promoted to a Captaincy. General Ord was attached to M‘Call's division of the Army of the Potomac, commanding the Third Brigade. This division of M‘Clellan's army held the extreme right, and in the engagement at Drainsville, at the close of 1861, General Ord's command acted a prominent part. General Ord was during the next year transferred to the West, where he held a command under General Grant. He has proved himself a faithful and efficient officer, and has under him now "Baldy" Smith's old command. His wound, which is a slight one, was received on Thursday, September 28, while he was engaged in giving orders for an assault on fortifications still beyond those which he had captured at Chapin's Farm.

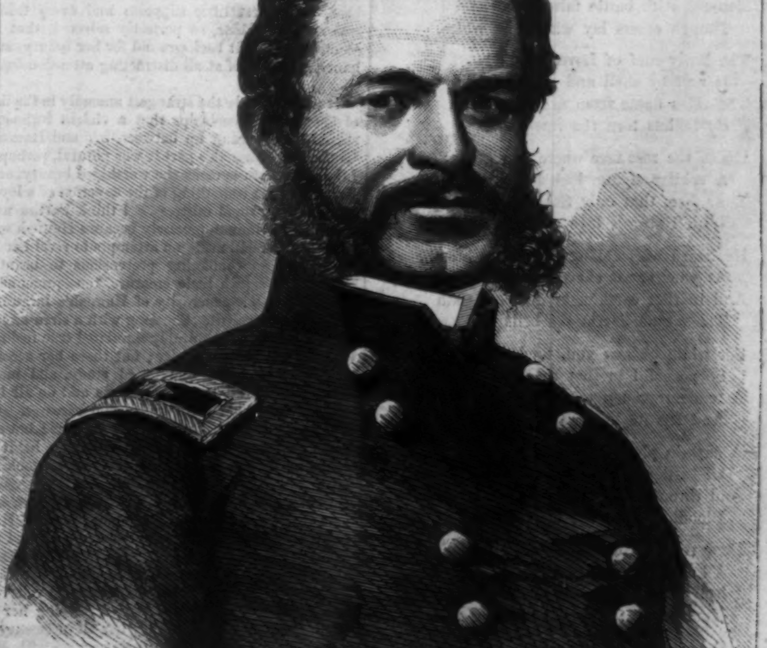
MAJOR-GENERALS CROOK AND TORBERT.

We give below portraits of Generals Crook and Torbert, the most efficient cavalry officers under Sheridan.

Major-General George Crook graduated at



MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE CROOK.—[Photographed by Morse, Nashville, Tenn.]



MAJOR-GENERAL TORBERT.—[Photographed by Anthony.]

West Point in 1852 with the rank of brevet Second Lieutenant of Infantry. He commanded a brigade, the Third of General Cox's Division, in the Kanawha Valley in the spring of 1862, holding at that time the rank of Colonel. May 23, 1862, Colonel Crook was attacked by the rebel Colonel Heath. Troops from Ohio were principally engaged. The action was very severe, but Crook gained a decisive victory. He here received a wound in the foot. He had spent the winter in disciplining the Thirty-sixth Ohio regiment, and the result proved the efficiency of a military education. General Crook took part in the battle of Antietam, his command being attached to the Ninth Army Corps, commanded by General Cox. Soon afterward he was appointed Brigadier-General, and sent to Tennessee. General A. T. A. Torbert, a Major-General by brevet, was also engaged in the battle of Antietam as Colonel of the First New Jersey Volunteers. His command, consisting of a brigade of New Jersey troops, won great distinction on that occasion. In the late victories in the Valley Major-General Torbert has contributed an important part.

THE BALLAD OF A ROSE.

My folded flower last Summer grew
Serenely in a Southern place;
Its heart was filled with peaceful dew,
The peaceful sunshine kiss'd its face.

Beside the threshold of a cot
It knew familiar household ties,
The May's beloved forget-me-not
To maidens' lips and children's eyes.

Bees climb'd about it; birds above
Sang in the flush'd year of the rose:
"Our new millennium of Love
Begins with every May it blows."

Warm cottage-windows murmured near
All music making home so sweet—
The mother's voice divinely dear,
The lisping tongues, the pattering feet.

Ah, little rose, another tale
On your dumb lips has waited long
(Since then your tender lips grew pale)—
Speak, darling; make your speech my song!

Another tale than cottage peace,
Than balmy quiet, hovering wings
Of humming-birds and honey-bees,
And Summer's breath of shining things.

Ah, little rose, your lips are mute:
Could Fancy give them words to-day,
Such histories would but sadly suit
Those lips that knew but Love and May!

You woke, one Sabbath, warm and sweet,
The fields were bright with dewy glow;
The sun smiled o'er the springing wheat,
And spake, "Let all things lovelier grow!"

What answer rock'd the awaken'd earth,
Strange echo to that voice divine!
Before the battle's awful birth
The earth and heaven gave no sign.

The cannon thunder'd every where;
The bomb sprang howling from afar,
A coming earthquake born in air,
A winged hell, a bursting star!

And lo! about the sacred spot
Where late the doves of home would 'light,
Men red with battle falter'd not
Though others lay with faces white.

The lowly roof of Love, behold!
Is rent by shell and cannon-ball;
The rifles flame from casements old;
By bullets torn the roses fall!

Under the rose-tree where you grew,
A soldier, dying, look'd and saw
Your face, that only Sabbath knew,
With Nature's love and Heaven's law.

He heard with ebbing blood and breath,
At your sweet charm, the thunder cease,
And in that earthquake-hour of Death
The cannon jarr'd the bells of Peace.

For while he saw you, tender flower!
So peaceful in that troubled place,
A tenderer vision touch'd the hour
And left its halo on his face.

A captain pluck'd you, in the roar
Of battle, o'er his comrade slain,
And through the fight your beauty bore
Bloodless upon the bloody plain.

Dear rose, within your folded leaves
I know what other memory lies;
I hear (or else my ear deceives)
Your wail of homesick longing rise:

"O happy Summer, lost to me!
O threshold, mine to guard no more!"
You yearn for visits of the bee
To rose's heart and cottage-door.

Rest in my book, O precious flower!
And seem—a whitening face above—
The witness in the battle-hour
Of Peace and Home, of God and Love!

A MAN'S MISTAKE.

I am afraid I can not make my heroine romantic. There are disqualifying circumstances, several of them. Her name—it should have been Constance, or Genevieve, or Madeline—it *was* plain Hannah. A good, respectable name; her mother had borne it, and her grandmother, and her great-grandmother. Good, conscientious women, all of them, doing their duty through life in the fear of God; but not such personages as novels and poems are written about. Then her home—if it could have been a stately stone mansion, a graceful villa, or even a white cottage overhung with vines, it would have figured better in a story; but, instead, it was a great, square, red house, with a great square yard in front, two immense, prosperous-looking barns on one side, and a thrifty vegetable garden on the other. Deacon Grant thought red was the most economical color for painting buildings. He was right, perhaps, but what his farm-house gained in economy it certainly lacked in picturesqueness. Last, but not least, Hannah Grant was not a beauty. Her hands were hard and brown; she had not been very careful of her complexion; and her hair was what the people round her called red. It was a shade to be sure that painters love—you and I should call it auburn—but it was not black or brown, and Hannah was greatly exercised in mind thereat, and, in an early stage of girlhood, did her best to spoil it with pomatum, trying to make it look dark.

Give me credit for taking all the aforesaid disqualifying circumstances into account before I began, and hesitating to tell you the story of Hannah Grant lest you should not find her an attractive heroine. But she was just one of the persons who do their work in life so cheerfully and so well; such a thoroughly genial, healthful nature that I thought it would do you good to sit down for a little while in her company. The people who know their own place in the world and are satisfied without trying to creep into their neighbor's are so rare. I do not think Hannah Grant had ever felt even a momentary discontent with her lot. She had a clear, strong mind, and saw things at their true valuation. She understood the rarity and worth of honest good sense and integrity, such as distinguished her parents, and appreciated the comfort and prosperity of her surroundings. Even when she went away to school for a year or two she did not take the fever after fashion, and finery, and frivolity, which seems almost as inevitable to girls in their teens as the measles and whooping-cough are to children. She came back to the red farm-house as natural and unspoiled as she went away.

She *did* fall so far into the ways of young ladyhood as to make one intimate friend; and chose, of course, her exact opposite. Bertha Mallory was a born fine lady, reared like a hot-house flower, and developed into a loveliness as frail and perishable, perhaps, but as delicate and dainty. It was not strange that Hannah Grant admired her, for she had a keen and vivid sense of beauty, and Bertha was beautiful exceedingly. Hannah had been struck, from the first day she entered school, with that picture-like grace—the slender, airy figure; the exquisite small hands and feet; the haughty little head, with its hair of pale gold waving round it in such soft ripples; the color delicate yet bright as the heart of a blush-rose; the long-lashed blue eyes so brightly, vividly blue; the perfectly cut features; the dainty mouth, with lips as red as a scarlet geranium flower. All this was heightened by that appropriateness of setting and finish without which even a diamond lacks lustre. Bertha had a genius for just one thing in the world, and that was dress. She did it thoroughly well. The only child of parents who lived but to indulge her fancies, to whom her caprices were law, she had never known the need of that fettering economy which asks before every purchase, "How long will it last? Will it dye? Will it turn?"

She wore the daintiest muslins, the loveliest ribbons, the gayest little slippers; and every thing was so harmonious, so perfectly selected, that it seemed but the fit back-ground for her beauty, enhancing instead of at all distracting attention from it.

It was certainly the strangest anomaly in the list of anomalous friendships that a violent intimacy should have sprung up between her and Hannah Grant. On Hannah's part it was natural, perhaps. Like most plain persons she worshiped beauty, and had for Bertha something of the devotion of a loyal courtier for a royal mistress. I think Bertha was attracted to Hannah precisely because Hannah was so unlike herself, made no attempts to rival her in dress, had no conflicting pretensions to beauty. She was a selfish little creature, too—profoundly selfish—and the generosity of Hannah's large nature was convenient. She sang with a siren sweetness of voice that admirably simulated true feeling, and she danced like a fairy; but there her accomplishments ended. She hated study, and made Hannah write all her compositions and do all her sums, paying her with kisses and caresses. Of real love I do not believe she was capable; but she had a continual need of her friend, and a habit of confiding in her, which both of them mistook for love.

Still, not even Bertha Mallory had power to subvert that strong, practical common sense of Hannah's, or give her a distaste for her home, and the life that awaited her there. She went back, as I said, thoroughly unspoiled. She took her right place in the household at once, and began relieving her mother of some hard duties, keeping her father's accounts, and making herself necessary to every one. Of course she corresponded with Miss Mallory. She wrote with weekly regularity, according to promise, good, cordial, loving letters, that must have come like a fresh breeze blowing from the hills into the perfumed, luxurious air of the rose-hung room where they were read. Bertha wrote quite punctually too. In her friend she was sure of an admiring auditor for all her triumphs, and her egotism was unsparingly prolix.

Hannah learned a new lesson that winter, sweeter and stranger than any that had gone before. She learned how a woman, strong and faithful of heart, vigorously organized, and unspoiled by sentimental fancies, can love a good man. There was a powerful fascination about Paul Everdale, and others felt it besides herself. He had come to Ashford during her absence, and taken the place of the old minister who had preached there ever since she could remember; and of course he was a frequent visitor at Deacon Grant's.

It seemed strange, at first, that he should love Hannah. His nature was so much more ideal than hers—all his tendencies were romantic and poetical. He was just the man, you would have thought, to marry for beauty—to marry, perhaps, and repent it ever after; for beauty alone would never have permanently satisfied him—yet you would have imagined his heart must be reached through his fancy. It certainly spoke well for his discernment, his real appreciation of character, that he should have recognized Hannah Grant's true worth, and forgiven her want of the dainty grace, the symmetrical loveliness, which it was a part of his very nature to crave. It surprised her to find herself his choice as much as it could have surprised any one. But she repaid him by fondest and faithfulest love. Now, indeed, her letters grew full of hope and brightness. Joy sparkled in them, anticipation flooded them with promise. Next summer, she wrote, Bertha must visit her. She would take no denial. She should not be satisfied till she had introduced her to Mr. Everdale.

Can it be credited that these letters piqued Bertha—that in the midst of her "great possessions" she envied the poor man's one ewe lamb? Hannah had been the first to become engaged—Hannah, in connection with whom she had never thought of lovers—whose destiny was, so she would have said if she had been questioned, to settle down by-and-by a farmer's wife, and distinguish herself, perhaps, for bread and cheese at agricultural fairs. It seemed unfitting, incongruous, that Hannah should be writing to her of this handsome, eloquent young man, with his dreamy eyes, his poet's face, his chivalrous homage.

"Poor fellow!" she thought, "he has seen no one else. What a pity if he should be allowed to marry, and then wake up afterward to the knowledge that there are women and women!"

She made up her mind to look into the affair herself. She could go in June, and spare six weeks or so before Newport. She wrote a gracious letter to Hannah, accepting her invitation, and promising to dawn upon Ashford in the month of roses. Of course Hannah was jubilant when she received it. She spent half the evening in talking to Mr. Everdale about Bertha's graces, and anticipating the delights of her visit.

That was a happy spring to Hannah Grant. She hunted May flowers with Paul Everdale, following the trail of their shy, sweet fragrance through the spicy woods. She drew nearer to him day by day, understood him better, grew more necessary to him. He began to comprehend what he had only vaguely guessed at first, the warmth of passion that lay so deep in her heart, the strength of loving that would make her tenderness the crown and glory of a man's life. There was an element of growth in her in which lay much of her attraction. He felt that when he had won her his work was not done. She would climb to new heights. Standing beside her to-day, he had yet some steps to take if he would stand beside her next year.

When the first of June drew nigh preparations began in the red house for Miss Mallory's reception. She and Hannah had been room-mates at school, and it seemed natural that they should be so still; so Hannah beautified her room for the sake of the coming occupant. Her father was generous and prosperous, and her wishes were always so reasonable that they were seldom refused. When she was through, the cool-looking chamber, with its new carpet, the pretty, painted furniture, and the soft muslin curtains, looked inviting enough even for dainty Bertha Mallory. In the parlor, too, Hannah had the good taste not to attempt any more than she could do well. Brussels and rosewood were beyond her means, but creamy matting, and chairs of basket-work, with pretty vases full of flowers, and one or two engravings selected by Paul Everdale's critical taste, gave the room an aspect pleasant and refined. Mr. Everdale had become as much interested in the coming visitor as his betrothed, and he went over to tea on the evening after her arrival with great expectations.

She had come in the middle of the afternoon, and had returned with profuse demonstration Hannah's delighted welcome. Before tea-time she had made a charming toilet, and quite untouched by any of the soil and sun-burn of travel she went down with Hannah, in white muslin and blue ribbons, to meet Mr. Everdale.

Had Hannah Grant, in spite of all apparent humility, an overweening self-esteem, a confidence in her own power little short of audacity, that she voluntarily put herself in contrast with Bertha Mallory? Or was the confidence in him, her lover? Did love mean so much to her that she could not comprehend the possibility of its being turned aside by any outside charms?

You comprehend at once that it will be the old story—that Bertha's beauty, like the beauty of a dream, her airs, her graces, her dainty toilets, will work woe. But at first Paul Everdale meant to be dauntlessly constant. The very idea of fickleness would have been abhorrent to him. "Is thy servant a dog?" would have been his answer to any prophesying Elisha. Still, from the very first, he could not help seeing that fair was fair. There was a tantalizing contrast between this dainty creature, with such soft, delicate beauty, such airy grace, such ineffable sweetness, such childlike dependence, and Hannah Grant—sturdy, uncompromising, rugged, and ruddy, hard of hands, and straightforward and self-reliant in manner. The contrast between the natures of the two girls was still wider, if he had but known it, but then it was not so apparent. Bertha's silken softness veiled skillfully her utterly selfish character, petty aims, narrow scope, and circumscribed powers. Hannah's great heart throbbed for all the world. She was ready to spend and be spent for suffering humanity every where. She was as unselfish as human nature can be—honest in her affections, strong of will, and vigorous of mind.

She had so much confidence in both her lover and her friend that it was a long time before her suspicions were awakened to the possibility that they might like each other too well. At first she threw them together in the most unguarded way. Not even for Bertha would she lay aside those domestic cares of which she had once lifted the burden from her mother's shoulders; and they kept her busy quite a portion of every day. She thought it was so kind of Paul to come over and help her friend to pass away these hours which must otherwise have been solitary. She took a heart-felt pride in Bertha's accomplishments, and when she heard her singing to the guitar which she had brought with her, she would pause at her work to listen, and think, triumphantly, "He will see now that I have not praised her too much."

Bertha found the Reverend Paul Everdale quite worthy of her steel. She had seen no handsomer man in her one winter in society, and she had seen few who equaled him in grace and culture. Unimaginative as it must be confessed she was, she found something infinitely charming in his poetical temperament; in the grave sweetness of his manner, suggesting always something held in reserve. She had commenced with only the intention to flirt a little—perhaps "to break a country-heart for pastime ere she went to town"—but in a week or two she found her own heart, or the sentimental vanity which did duty for one with her, seriously enlisted. Then with the uncontrolled willfulness which in weak natures like hers is often almost a passion she resolved that he *should* love her. Her task was not so hard as some of those which Sir Michael Scott set for his familiar spirit before he found that last endless one, at which, I suppose, the Enemy still labors. She had for weapons her beauty, her wardrobe, her voice, her finished coquetry of manner; and in the lists against her was only Hannah, unarmed and unskillful.

One by one she carried the outposts of her citadel. Day after day witnessed some wall fall down—some skirmish, successful on her side. She sung such low, sweet airs, sitting there on a foot-stool at his feet like an innocent child; she listened when he read to her with such sympathetic attention; she was so variable—now meek and womanly, with her hair rippling unadorned away from her low forehead, and making her look placid as a Madonna; again, haughty as a little queen, putting some coronet above her brow that made her look regal, and putting on with it a queen's dignity and hauteur; yet again airy and teasing, eluding him at every turn, slipping through his fingers like a butterfly. It was not strange that he was bewildered; that he felt the solid earth sliding away from beneath his feet, and dared no longer look his own soul in the face.

It was just at this stage that Hannah woke up to the meaning of affairs. The revelation flashed upon her suddenly. She read it in his eyes as they followed Bertha, perhaps; or heard it in the tremulous tones of his voice. She knew not how—she knew only that, whereas she had been blind, now she saw; and only Heaven could understand how sharp was the pang when her eyes were opened. Suddenly as it came her self-command did not fail her. She sat the evening through, scarcely more silent than usual. She even bore Paul Everdale's kiss when he went away—that unconsciously cold kiss, born of habit and of duty—without wincing.

She was not less kind than usual in her manner to Bertha when they went up stairs. She helped her untie her bows, and untwist her gay ribbons, and when all was done she put out the light and lay down quietly, and waited for her to go to sleep. When the regular breath, coming and going so softly, had satisfied her that it was safe, she got up again and lighted her light. Then she went and stood beside the bed, looking long at Bertha. Passions she had scarcely known by name swept stormily through her soul and strove to master her. Hatred shook her, revenge tempted her, last of all love, outraged and scorned, rose in its strength and defied her. She set the light upon the table, and knelt down with her burden, seeking instinctively the refuge of every sorrowful heart. I think God heard her. He who fed the Israelites with manna in the wilderness vouchsafes now and then, to his children in the wilderness of life, a heavenly manna, and the soul that feeds thereon grows strong.

At last she rose, and again she took the light and stood over Bertha. How beautiful she was, with that faint pink flush on her cheeks, the scarlet lips parted, the wavy golden hair, all unbound, straying over the pillow! She looked so sweet and innocent, too, that her loveliness had in it something touching. Hannah felt the tears stealing to her eyes. She hated herself for the frantic jealousy she had been feeling. How could she have blamed either of them? she asked herself. How could he help loving such grace and beauty? Had not she, a woman, felt that wonderful charm, and been subdued by it—could she expect a man to look on it unmoved? As for Bertha, she blamed her least of all, for who could help loving Paul? She knelt down once more and breathed another prayer, so utterly unselfish that I doubt if half the saints in the calendar ever did any thing so worthy of canonization—a prayer for them and their happiness together. I do not think she slept much that night. She could conquer herself when need was; but sternest duty could not bid her wear her crown of thorns joyfully.

She had meant at first to speak to Mr. Everdale the next day—to release him from all obligation to her, and leave him free to seek his happiness in his own way; but she began after a while to feel that this was not best. She could not release him without giving a reason for it; and how could she bear to seem jealous and suspicious—to accuse him of his defection? Better let things take their course.

So in the morning she went on just as usual—set herself about her accustomed tasks, and tried not to listen for the two voices that floated now and then out of the parlor. Paul Everdale was drinking a Circean cup, of which the dregs would be bitter enough at bottom, however the bubbles might sparkle on its surface. His nature was too noble to let him sin comfortably. He was troubled already by an accusing phantom that sometimes came between him and the siren-sweet face, or drowned in the clamor of its upbraidings the silvery voice. Bertha had tact enough to know this—to interpret aright his paroxysms of devotion and coldness. It only stimulated her to a resolution more intense—a more passionate longing for triumph.

Things went on so until the very afternoon before she was to leave. That day was to decide so much. Even Bertha was feverish with excitement. She thought her stake on the game was heavy, and she waited with frantic impatience to see whether she had won or lost. Mr. Everdale sat with her a while, talking about her going away; then, feeling his self-control failing him, he got up and went into the dining-room, where his betrothed stood alone, busy about some household task. Going to her side, he said, out of his utter desperation and helplessness,

"Hannah, I need you. If you ever loved me, save me!"

There was courage and strength in her look. She put out her hand to him, and he grasped it with clinging tenacity. I have seen a poor soul who could not swim cling so to a spar in the midst of deep waters.

"Yes," she said, "I will save you. I understand it all. You and Bertha love each other, and you have been feeling that the love was wicked. It is not. It is what you could not help. *She* suits you, and *I* never should. I only wonder that with that poet's temperament of yours you ever thought of loving me for a moment. I see now that I could never have made you happy; and I am so thankful that Bertha came and brought us all to our senses before it was too late! Of course I should not marry you now, and you are free as though you had never seen me."

Her strength and courage deceived him. He thought she was not suffering—that, after all, they had both been deceiving themselves. Perhaps his desire to think this misled him into judging too hastily.

"I was never half good enough for you, Hannah," he said, with that lip praise which means so little, and comes so easily on such occasions. "You will find some one more worthy, and I—"

"You *have* found Bertha," she said, turning away, and putting an end to the conversation; for she felt her strength failing her, and she longed to be alone.

Paul Everdale went back to Bertha. She was crying. She had not understood his leaving her, and she had feared all was lost, and so began, childlike, to weep over her disappointment. And tears were as becoming to her as they are to babies. They did not redden her nose and furrow her brow as they do those of ordinary mortals. The round drops just glittered on the long golden lashes, like the dewdrops on a fringed gentian. Mr. Everdale took the dainty little creature in his arms.

"Let me comfort you, Bertha," he said, with a proud and passionate tenderness in his voice.

She drew herself away from him a little pettishly.

"No," she said, "you can not; you belong to Hannah. You went to her just now."

"But I belong to Hannah no longer. She would not have me. She has given me up. Child, do not torment me—love me!"

Did any throb of compunction visit that girl's heart? Did she feel one momentary spasm of pity for the noble soul she had wronged—the strong life she had done her best to wreck? I think not. She crept, with that childish, caressing way she had, closer into his arms, nearer to his heart. She cooed her love in tones of such murmurous sweetness as intoxicated him still more. He called her by a thousand fond names, such as Hannah had never heard from his lips in the days when he loved her most. He thanked her, he praised her, he blessed her again and again.

Hannah left them to themselves that evening; but when Bertha went up stairs she found her, though the hour was late, sitting up in their room. The girl's tact did not fail her. She knelt down at her friend's feet, and said, plaintively,

"Paul loves me, Hannah; but that can not make me happy if I have lost you. I loved you first. Don't turn me out of your heart, poor little me! whom you have loved so long."

Hannah was too generous to hear this appeal unmoved. She bent over and put her arms around the little figure, and stooping down she kissed the fatally beautiful face that had wiled Paul Everdale's heart away.

"No, Bertha," she said; "I have loved you too well for that. I do not blame you or him. It was fate."

They kissed each other when they parted the next morning, and said some fond words each of them; but they wrote, after that, no more letters once a week. Newport, of course, kept Bertha busy; and Hannah found tasks enough at home to employ hands and head. I think she never knew in those days that she was tired. The harder the work the more welcome, so that it would keep her from thinking, and make her weary enough at night to win sleep.

Paul Everdale was not quite so happy as he had imagined Bertha's love would make him. He missed Hannah when he settled back into the old ways again. Bertha's empire over his senses had been absolute; but Hannah had drawn nearer, though he did not then know it, to that immortal part which must remember and love, suffer or enjoy eternally. He had been used to telling her all his thoughts, to sharing with her his dreams and aspirations; and he found himself lonely and listless when the hour came on which he used to go to her. He tried to solace himself with the memory of a primrose face, with pale gold hair framing it in. He recalled and fondly lingered over every item of that dainty loveliness. But it did not console him as it ought. Bertha's letters tantalized him a little. They were so full of the gayeties and triumphs of her Newport life that the expressions of affection they contained could not quite salve the wound they made. It was vexing to find that she could be so gay and happy away from him—could triumph so in other men's admiration. He did not like to think of her waltzing, and polking, and flirting. It seemed to rob her image of half the charm it had in the quiet days at Ashford.

When six weeks had gone by a letter came which he read through more than once, as if bracing himself to meet bravely the blow it dealt. It did not break his heart, but it wounded his pride cruelly. He folded it up at last, saying to himself:

"With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again;" and went with it to Hannah.

He found her sitting alone in the parlor where he and Bertha had spent so many hours together. He thought as he entered the quiet room that he had never done justice to her attractions. Even when he loved her best he had considered her plain; but now, standing a moment in the door and looking at her, he saw something nobler in her face than any pink and white prettiness. The sun stole into the window where she sat, and lighted up the massive braids of her auburn hair till it shone like a crown of reddish gold. Her eyes were earnest and honest; her features had a certain nobility in their expression which you could not mistake. Time had redeemed childish carelessness, and cleared up her complexion into those rich, warm tints that go with auburn hair and hazel eyes. She was not a woman to be a belle in a ball-room, but one whom having known well you could not easily forget—such a one as King Solomon had in mind when he wrote of her whose price was above rubies. She would be a wife in whom the heart of her husband might safely trust—a mother whom sons and daughters would reverence, and whose influence would make their lives rich and worthy.

But she was no longer Paul Everdale's; so what to him was all he read in the good, serious face? He went up to her and handed her the letter.

"Read that, Hannah," he said. "You gave us to each other; you have a right to know what comes of it."

Puzzled a little by his manner, and by the sternness in his voice, Hannah took the letter, and read, in Bertha's airy, graceful hand, these words:

"Paul, I am engaged. I write the news abruptly, I know; but what can I say to soften it? I did love you dearly—I do love you dearly now. I loved you so well that I never thought about any thing else when we were together. When I got away from you I *began* to think. I knew I was unfit—could any one be more so?—for a minister's wife, and I knew I should be wretched to settle down into such a life. I am not good enough for it. All my tastes and talents lie in another direction. I *can* shine in a ball-room—I could not as a directress of benevolent societies. I began to realize that if I married you I should torment you to death, and make myself miserable. Then Mr. Bruyn-Broeck fell in love with me. He is rich, and handsome, and fashionable. All the girls here were running after him. But he sought me out—me who never ran after him at all, but held myself aloof because of my obligations to you. He can satisfy all my ambitions. The life I shall live with him will be a life that just suits me; and I have promised to be his wife. Just this once I will tell you that I love you best—that I would rather marry you if you were in his place; but you are *not* in his place, and I can not give up so much. Burn all my little notes, please. They are not worth sending back. Forgive me, and don't be unhappy about me. Go to Hannah, and she will comfort you. She was always better than any one else.
Bertha."

When she had read the letter all through she handed it back. She hardly knew what comment to make, and Mr. Everdale's manner seemed strange and sarcastic. So she only said, gently,

"I don't see how she could have written it! I am very sorry for you."

"You should congratulate me instead. *I* am glad—thankful beyond expression for this release. If she had married me, then indeed my folly would have met its deserved punishment. I must be one of Fate's darlings, she has let me off so easily."

"But *I* thought you loved her!"

"Yes, while she was here *I* thought so too. Hannah, I can never despise myself enough for having been enslaved by smiles and dimples, blue eyes and sweet tones, and a little white hand. I thought I had more strength. I did not fancy my locks could have been shorn by any such Delilah. I have been waking up for weeks to the knowledge of my folly, and this letter came to me with the grace of a free pardon. If I could but have another pardon, Hannah! If you could take me back to your heart, and try me once more, I would be content. In that Bertha is right; you were always better than any one else.

Hannah Grant had that generosity which is higher than any other. She was noble enough to forgive freely. But she could not have faith at once in a reaction so sudden. She must be *sure* before she again trusted all. So she condemned him to a year's probation. For one twelvemonth he must not speak to her one word of love. He and she were both to hold themselves free as if no such word had ever passed between them. When a year had gone by, if neither of them had formed any other ties, they should both know themselves better; and then would be time enough to decide their future.

He was obliged to be content with this, for it was the most he could win. She was resolved. She gave him her friendship—her forgiveness he had had long ago—but she was not a woman facile enough of acceptance to seize a heart caught in the rebound.

In a few weeks she heard from Bertha—a letter full of triumph and self-congratulation, with a few penitential speeches, a good many coaxing, caressing sentences about their old love for each other, and an invitation to Hannah to come to New York, and be one of the bridemaids at her approaching wedding. But though she urged the point with pertinacity Hannah had the good sense to refuse. She wrote Bertha kindly and warmly, but she well knew how out of place she would be at such a wedding, and was not prevailed upon. She invited Mr. and Mrs. Bruyn-Broeck to visit her, however; and received a promise, which she did not suppose would be kept for the next summer.

Do you care to know how it all ended? Before the year was quite over Mr. Everdale's perseverance had succeeded in convincing Hannah of the strength and endurance of his love, and by the next midsummer she was again his betrothed wife. He *did* love her—he had never loved another half so well—loved her all the better that he had wandered away a while after a false idol. Having fed upon husks the bread of home was sweet.

Just after the renewal of their engagement came, quite unexpectedly, Mrs. Bruyn-Broeck. Her husband brought her, and left her behind him for a visit. He was a handsome, self-indulgent, pleasure-loving man, who worshiped his wife's beauty, and indulged her whims as lavishly as he did his own.

And so Paul Everdale had one more opportunity of measuring the two women. Every day while it lasted his wonder and self-contempt at his old infatuation grew stronger. Bertha's very beauty seemed insipid to him, now—her airs and graces had lost their power. Over his fancy, as over his heart, Hannah reigned, at last, the elect woman. For once Fate or Providence had been kind, and given a man an opportunity in this world to correct a grand mistake, retrieve a great error. Paul Everdale accepted his good fortune thankfully.

INTERESTING ITEMS.

Decay of the male sex is much more rapid than in the female. In three years ending June 30, 1840, the total number of deaths among males throughout England and Wales was 518,006, while the deaths among females were only 499,058, giving an excess of male deaths in the three years of 18,048. After this statement it can not appear surprising that the number of females in any country should notably exceed the number of males. At the present time, in London, there are 996,600 females to 878,000 males, or an excess of 119,000 ladies. Coupled with this fact, and obviously depending on it, is the superior longevity of the female sex. There died throughout England and Wales, between 1st July, 1839, and 30th June, 1840, 5247 males aged eighty-five and upward; whereas, of the same age, there died only 3954 females, leaving what is called in the City a "balance" in favor of the old ladies of 1293.

Sir Roderick Murchison announces a fall of manna in Asia Minor. His informant, M. Haidinger, states that he has received a portion of this manna, which fell with a gust of rain at Charput. It is a lichen which is formed in the steppes of the Kurghis, and is often carried in these falls far to the west, across the Caspian. The grains, which are always perfectly detached, have much of the form of a raspberry or mulberry, and are found frequently to be attached to a stony support of granite, sand-stone, and lime. This manna is ground into flour, and baked into bread, and is known among the Turks by the name of *kerdertboghdasi*, which means wonder-corn or grain. It contains more than sixty-five per cent. of oxalate of lime, and twenty-five of amylaceous matter.

"How stupid you look, always staring straight up into the sky: what can you see there?" asked the Butter-cups of the Daisies.

"See! oh, we see the sun in his strength, and the glories of day, and the soft summer clouds, and the grand thunder-storms, and wonders and beauties beyond description," answered the Daisies.

"But you are stiff-necked by it, and all the field laughs at you," said the Butter-cups.

"We don't mind about it," said the Daisies.

"What poor, mean-looking things the Cardamines are! Don't you think so?" asked the Butter-cups.

"Are they?" asked the Daisies, in reply.

"Shocking; but it would be better to be like *them* than those clumsy Clover Blossoms—don't you think so?" asked the Butter-cups.

"Can't say, indeed," replied the Daisies.

"As to those flaunting Campions, well, they *are* bold, standing so tall and holding their heads so high; wouldn't you be ashamed to be like them?"

"Friends," said the Daisies, "be advised: it may seem stupid to be always staring at the sky, but it is very plain that if you would follow our example and do it, you would escape seeing much that disquiets you now—an escape bought cheaply, even at the cost of a stiff neck and a little contempt."

"How wise I am!" cried the Finger-post to a Willow-stump by his side.

"Are you?" said the Willow.

"Am I?" indignantly retorted the Post. "Do you see my arms? Are not the name of the great town, the road to it, and the distance from it, plainly written there?"

"Ah, yes!" said the Willow.

"Then you must acknowledge how superior I am to you. Why, I am a public teacher."

"True indeed," answered the Willow, "and learned you are; but, as to wisdom, I see little difference between you and me. You know the way to the city, I believe, and are the means of enabling many to find it; but here you have stood these twenty years, and I don't see that you have got a step farther on the road than I have, who don't profess to understand any thing about it."

The corner-stone of the old Capitol was laid by General Washington on the 18th September, 1793. This building was set on fire by the British in the war of 1814, at the conclusion of which it was rebuilt. The wings were added in 1851, on July 4, the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence. Under the corner-stone of the addition to the Capitol Mr. Webster deposited a paper in his own handwriting containing the following sentence: "If, therefore, it shall be hereafter the will of God that this structure shall fall from its base, that its foundations be upturned, and the deposit beneath this stone brought to the eyes of men, be it then known that on this day the Union of the United States of America stands firm—that their Constitution still exists unimpaired, and with all its original usefulness and glory, growing every day stronger and stronger in the affections of the great body of the American people, and attracting more and more the admiration of the world." Just ten years after this was uttered the Special Session of Congress of July 4, 1861, was convened for the purpose of taking measures to put down the insurrection of the Southern States.

The Mexicans had reached a high state of civilization under Montezuma. Although, like the Chinese, they ate a variety of dog, called techichi, yet their principal resource for meat was the turkey, called totolin, which they reared in enormous quantities. Turkeys were a drug sufficiently abundant to cause a national surfeit. Cortez relates that the poultry-yards of Montezuma's palace were stocked with several thousand turkeys; and Bernal Diaz tells how, every day, a couple of hundred were sacrificed to feed the beasts in the emperor's menagerie; proving first, that the said menagerie was vast, and secondly, that turkeys were not very dear. It was from Mexico that turkeys were brought to Europe.

The Mexicans were passionate lovers of flowers. They fully appreciated the vegetable treasures which nature had profusely lavished upon them. In their splendid gardens they assembled those which were most remarkable for their perfume or their brilliant colors. With these they associated medicinal plants methodically arranged, the shrubs most remarkable for their flowers or foliage, or for the excellence of their fruits or seeds, together with trees of majestic or elegant aspect. They were particularly fond of sprinkling their parterres and clumps on the steep slopes of hills, where they seemed suspended.

The Mexicans were also the first people who collected together animals in menageries. Before the Jardin des Plantes and the Zoological Gardens were, the Mexican Horticultural Menagerie was. There were bright-feathered birds in aviaries as big as houses; wild animals, carnivorous beasts, and even serpents. There Bernal Diaz first saw the rattlesnake, which he describes as "having castanets in its tail." At that date Europe possessed no Jardin des Plantes or Zoological Garden. That of Padua, said to be the first, was founded in 1445; Venice, however, claims to have had one earlier. The others followed at a respectful distance of time.

English Civilization.—I heard an anecdote the other day about one of the Cape wars. The colored chieftains and their followers were being strung up by dozens as a punishment for cowardly slaughter of women and children. One morning the Governor inquired of his secretary what number of Caffres were to be hanged on that particular day. "So many," replied the secretary, mentioning a large haul. "Indeed!" said the Governor; "why, they'll be at it several hours! And yet," he continued, "I ordered increased accommodation for them. How many will the last gallows built hold at a time?" "Not more," answered the secretary, "than six *comfortably!*"

Mr. Robert Nash, church-warden of Otford, has a fine black retriever, who regularly goes to the post-office in the village about twenty minutes past seven in the morning, and conveys the letters, newspapers, etc., for his master with unerring precision. The sagacious animal walks straight to the office, and the postmaster, or mistress, places the letters, etc., on the counter, when he seizes them in his mouth and goes to his master's house, and will not deliver them to any one besides Mr. Nash. If he can not find him at once he searches the house and premises till he succeeds in doing so. This interesting animal invariably goes from his master's house at a walking pace, and returns with his letters, etc., at a bounding trot; thus showing a good example to human letter-carriers, which they would do well to follow.

There is a romantic legend attached to two monuments in the chancel of Bramber church, Sussex; one was that of a lady, the other of a knight with a crescent on his helmet. Eustace de Braose, affianced to Alice de Bouverie, and a crusader, while in the Holy Land, became enamored of Zulma, a beautiful Syrian girl. In the Battle of Ascalon he slew her brother Azim, the most redoubtable warrior of Saladin's army, and her love was turned into bitter revenge. Dissembling her anger, she swore him to observe her commands, and to return to claim his English bride. Loth and sorrowful he came back to Bramber, and espoused that lady; but on his wedding-night Zulma stood before them, and commanded him to die, by giving him a poisoned dagger. Wild shrieks rang through the castle, the hall was emptied of the wassailers, and the bower women, who flew to the chamber of Alice, found her a maniac, gazing with wild eyes on two lifeless forms that lay upon the floor—the false Eustace and his unhappy Zulma.

How the London Poor are Clothed.—There are in very dirty streets and close thoroughfares small shops called marine stores. At these places, in addition to dripping, grease, and kitchen stuff, corks, bits of iron, copper, and old metal pots, bottles, and empty boxes, children's old clothes sometimes are offered for sale, and are resold at a very low price. Besides these places there are small pawn-shops and "leaving-shops" every where. Here raiment of all sorts, large and small, can be purchased. The mother can fit herself out, and her husband too, at these shops; but they pay dear for the cheap article, as the children's clothes are often filled with infection, and indeed must be. The poor in London live sometimes by pawning one thing after another, through a hard winter, or under stress of sickness. The clothes of the child just dead of typhus fever are taken to the pawn-shop, and turned into money. A drunken wife or mother will take the blankets and sheets from her dead husband's bed and pawn them. This husband perhaps has died of small-pox. A woman who goes to help at a gentleman's house after a dinner-party may be often rewarded for clandestine services to the cook by a faded stuff or cotton dress. I should think there is hardly a char-woman coming backward and forward to help the cook on occasions like these, who could not tell us this was the reward she received for the gin she procured and the dripping she sold.

Napoleon, at St. Helena, was once walking with a lady, when a man came up with a load on his back. The lady kept her side of the path, and was ready to assert her precedence of sex; but Napoleon gently waved her on one side, saying, "Respect the burden, madam." You constantly see men and women behave to each other in a way which shows that they do not "respect the burden"—whatever the burden is. Sometimes the burden is an actual visible load, sometimes it is cold and raggedness, sometimes it is hunger, sometimes it is grief or illness. If I get into a little conflict (suppose I jostle or am jostled) with a half-clad, hungry-looking fellow in the street on a winter morning, I am surely bound to be lenient in my constructions. I expect him to be harsh, rude, loud, unforgiving; and his burden (of privation) entitles him to my indulgence. Again, a man with a bad headache is almost an irresponsible agent, so far as common amenities go; I am a brute if I quarrel with him for a wry word or an ungracious act.

Women have really more taste in matrimonial affairs than we are apt to give them credit for. Next to the suitor's money the lady has undoubtedly an eye to his person, and admires a manly stature and a handsome limb none the less because she happened to marry a manakin instead of a man. A story is told of a Roman suitor, who obviously understood human nature far better than our modern beaux. Going to woo a fair lady, he took with him a bag of gold and a bar of iron; the former he threw at her feet, the last he bent in her presence. Spine and "spelter" did the business.

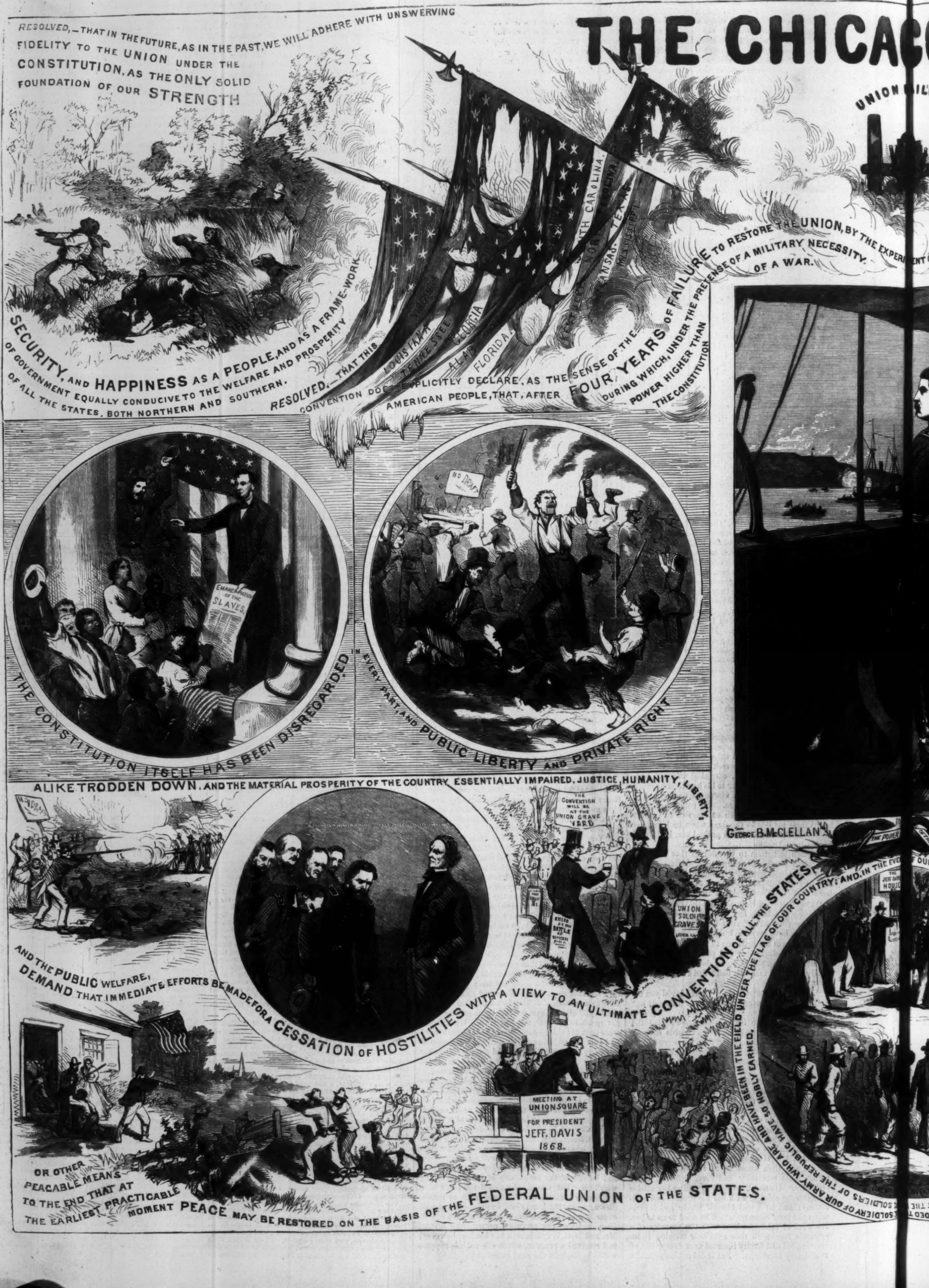
A son was born on the 5th of August to Isaac Tetro, being the twenty-fourth child of the mother, who is forty-five years old. All except one pair of twins were single births.

An ingenious trick has just been detected in Paris. A man and woman worked it. The man would go into a shop and make a small purchase of a few sous only, for which he paid with a five-franc or ten-franc piece, and received the change. Immediately after his departure his female confederate would also enter and make a small purchase. Then, after looking at other goods for a few minutes, she would politely ask for her change, and when the shop-keeper denied having received any coin from her, she would reply that he must have forgotten, and that if he looked in his till he would find a gold piece with a certain mark on it. On finding such a piece the astonished tradesman would, of course, give the change with many apologies.

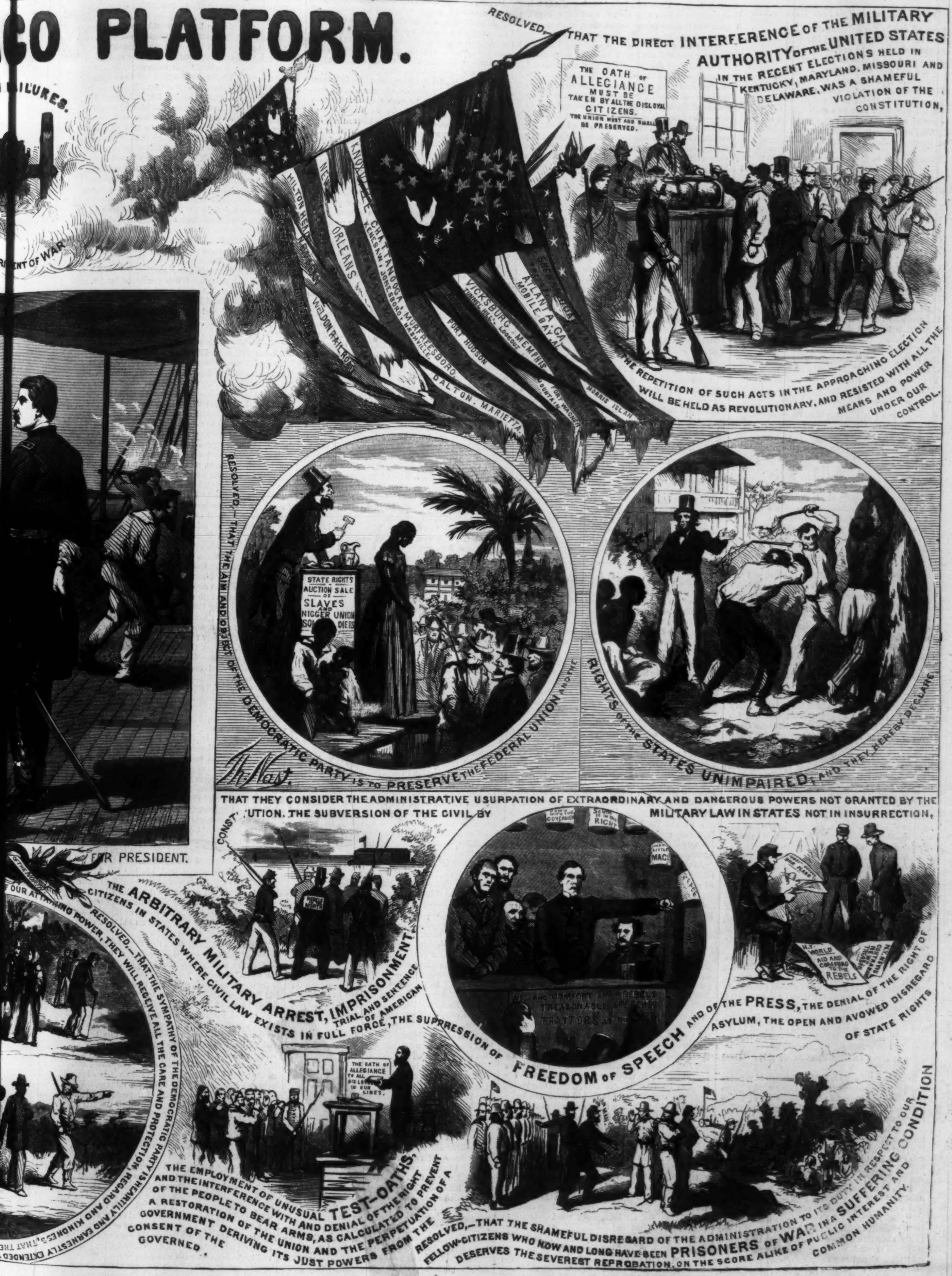
English Weather.—As the *Standard* correspondent in Denmark was traveling by the rail from Copenhagen to Elsinore he got into conversation about the weather: "Two of the passengers who spoke a little English rather amused me in their ideas of our climate. One seriously assured the other that it rained cats and dogs sometimes in England, and that he had so read it. The other said he had likewise read of its raining ducks and drakes; and they philosophically accounted for the phenomenon by supposing that the dreadful whirlwinds which sometimes prevail in England must have caught up these animals, which in their descent were attributed to a rain of such things from the sky. I was appealed to as to whether such showers did not fall, and I could only answer that I had certainly very often heard of them, but that I had certainly not had the good fortune to have seen them!"

At Russel, in the year 1549, cats formed part of an orchestra which performed before Philip II. of Spain. A bear was seated on a great car at the figure of an organ, which instead of pipes had twenty cats of different notes and sizes shut up in small cages with their tails out, and attached to the register of the organ in such a manner that when the bear pressed the keys the tails of the unlucky cats were pulled, and the cats began to squeal. The description proceeds to state that at the sound of this feline instrument, monkeys and some children (dressed up to represent bears, wolves, stags, and other animals) danced about on an adjoining stage. It is recorded of Louis XI. that he asked his master of music, the Abbé de Baigne, to treat him to a concert of pigs. The abbé assembled a number of the unmusical animals, of different ages and sizes (and, it is to be presumed, carefully selected in respect to the variety of their intonation), and placed them in a tent, having in front a table like the key-board of a piano-forte. As the keys were touched they moved certain pins, which pricked the unfortunate pigs, who grunted and squeaked accordingly.

THE CHICAG


UNION
RESOLVED,—THAT IN THE FUTURE, AS IN THE PAST, WE WILL ADHERE WITH UNSWERVING FIDELITY TO THE UNION UNDER THE CONSTITUTION, AS THE ONLY SOLID FOUNDATION OF OUR STRENGTH
SECURITY, AND HAPPINESS AS A PEOPLE, AND AS A FRAME-WORK OF GOVERNMENT EQUALLY CONDUCIVE TO THE WELFARE AND PROSPERITY OF ALL THE STATES, BOTH NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN.
VIRGINIA
LOUISIANA
TENNESSEE
ALAB
GEORGIA
FLORIDA.
TH CAROLINA.
NOR
ANSAS.
TEXAS
MISSISSIPPI
RESOLVED.—THAT THIS CONVENTION DOES EXPLICITLY DECLARE, AS THE SENSE OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, THAT, AFTER FOUR YEARS OF FAILURE TO RESTORE THE UNION, BY THE EXPERIMENT
OF A WAR.
DURING WHICH, UNDER THE PRETENSE OF A MILITARY NECESSITY.
POWER HIGHER THAN THE CONSTITUTION
EMANCIPATION OF THE SLAVES
THE CONSTITUTION ITSELF HAS BEEN DISREGARDED
NO DRAFT
IN EVERY PART, AND PUBLIC LIBERTY AND PRIVATE RIGHT
ALIKE TRODDEN DOWN, AND THE MATERIAL PROSPERITY OF THE COUNTRY ESSENTIALLY IMPAIRED, JUSTICE HUMANITY, LIBERTY,
NO DRAFT
THE CONVENTION WILL BE AT THE UNION GRAVE YARD
KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF
UNION SOLDIERS GRAVES
AND THE PUBLIC WELFARE, DEMAND THAT IMMEDIATE EFFORTS BE MADE FOR A CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES WITH A VIEW TO AN ULTIMATE CONVENTION OF ALL THE STATES,
MEETING AT UNION SQUARE FOR PRESIDENT JEFF. DAVIS 1868.
OR OTHER PEACABLE MEANS TO THE END THAT AT THE EARLIEST PRACTICABLE MOMENT PEACE MAY BE RESTORED ON THE BASIS OF THE FEDERAL UNION OF THE STATES.
GEORGE B. McCLELLAN
THE POWER
OF OUR COUNTRY; AND, IN THE EVE OF OU
THE JEFF DA HOUSE
DO THE SOLDIERY OF OUR ARMY, WHO ARE AND HAVE BEEN IN THE FIELD UNDER THE FLAG
SOLDIERS OF THE REPUBLIC HAVE SO NOBLY EARNED.

CO PLATFORM.


AILURES.
ENT OF WAR
FOR PRESIDENT.
HILTON HEAD
NEW
NEW ORLEANS
KNOXVILLE
CHATTANOOGA
KENESAW, JONESBORO, NASHVILLE.
MURFREESBORO.
WELDON RAILROAD
VICKSBURG. MEMPHIS
TUNNEL HILL. LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN
PORT HUDSON
DALTON. MARIETTA.
ATLANTA. GA
MOBILE BAY
FORT WAGNER
MORRIS ISLAN
RESOLVED,—THAT THE DIRECT INTERFERENCE OF THE MILITARY AUTHORITY OF THE UNITED STATES IN THE RECENT ELECTIONS HELD IN KENTUCKY, MARYLAND, MISSOURI AND DELAWARE, WAS A SHAMEFUL VIOLATION OF THE CONSTITUTION,
THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE MUST BE TAKEN BY ALL THE DISLOYAL CITIZENS.
THE UNION MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED.
THE REPETITION OF SUCH ACTS IN THE APPROACHING ELECTION WILL BE HELD AS REVOLUTIONARY, AND RESISTED WITH ALL THE MEANS AND POWER UNDER OUR CONTROL.
RESOLVED,—THAT THE AIM AND OBJECT OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY IS TO PRESERVE THE FEDERAL UNION AND THE RIGHTS OF THE STATES UNIMPAIRED; AND THEY HEREBY DECLARE
STATE RIGHTS AUCTION SALE OF SLAVES AND NIGGER UNION SOLDIERS
Th. Nast.
THAT THEY CONSIDER THE ADMINISTRATIVE USURPATION OF EXTRAORDINARY AND DANGEROUS POWERS NOT GRANTED BY THE CONSTITUTION. THE SUBVERSION OF THE CIVIL BY MILITARY LAW IN STATES NOT IN INSURRECTION,
THE ARBITRARY MILITARY ARREST, IMPRISONMENT, TRIAL AND SENTENCE OF AMERICAN CITIZENS IN STATES WHERE CIVIL LAW EXISTS IN FULL FORCE, THE SUPPRESSION OF FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND OF THE PRESS, THE DENIAL OF THE RIGHT OF ASYLUM, THE OPEN AND AVOWED DISREGARD OF STATE RIGHTS
REBELS OF THE NORTH
DOWN WITH THE GOVERNMENT
SOUTH IS IN THE RIGHT
LITTLE MAC!
PEACE
AID AND COMFORT TO THE REBELS
TREASONABLE SPEECHES
TRAITORS AT THE
OUR FLAGS
N.Y. WORLD AID AND COMFORT TO THE REBELS
N.Y. NEWS
TREASON
THE EMPLOYMENT OF UNUSUAL TEST-OATHS, AND THE INTERFERENCE WITH AND DENIAL OF THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE TO BEAR ARMS, AS CALCULATED TO PREVENT A RESTORATION OF THE UNION AND THE PERPETUATION OF A GOVERNMENT DERIVING ITS JUST POWERS FROM THE CONSENT OF THE GOVERNED.
THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE TO ALL DISLOYAL IN OUR LINES.
OF THE NORTH
F OUR ATTAINING POWER, THEY WILL RECEIVE ALL THE CARE AND PROTECTION, REGARD AND KINDNESS, THAT THE
RESOLVED,—THAT THE SYMPATHY OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY IS HEARTILY AND EARNESTLY EXTENDED
RESOLVED,—THAT THE SHAMEFUL DISREGARD OF THE ADMINISTRATION TO ITS DUTY IN RESPECT TO OUR FELLOW-CITIZENS WHO NOW AND LONG HAVE BEEN PRISONERS OF WAR IN A SUFFERING CONDITION DESERVES THE SEVEREST REPROBATION, ON THE SCORE ALIKE OF PUBLIC INTEREST AND COMMON HUMANITY.

THE SONG OF THE BEGGAR.

I SIT all day in the crowded street,
'Mid the sound of wheels and hurrying feet,
In the warm sunlight and the cruel sleet;
And very hard is this marble seat:
Hard and cold as the hearts of those,
Robed in laces and satin clothes,
Who pass me by as though I were stone.
A wonder it is that I have not grown
On the pavement here to a statue of bone,
For the wind to wail at and shriek and moan.
Cold and hunger, hunger and cold,
Poverty makes the young look old!

From morning to noon, from noon to night;
And the broad bright day, and the wan gaslight;
Like a spectre here, the children to fright
As they pass me by, till my aching sight
Grows dim with tears at the very thought
Of my own child—mine! her whom I brought
Into this world of hunger and sin,
Dying at home! Oh the dreadful din
Of these heartless streets! Will it never begin
To grow warmer? for my blood is thin.
Cold and hunger, hunger and cold,
Poverty makes the young look old!

Oh mother! for so I judge you to be—
Pray turn not in silent scorn from me,
For I am a woman like unto thee;
But the poor are slaves, while the rich are free.
Sad it is to be so shut out
From human creatures round-about.
Sweet lady! I was once young and fair;
But it seems an age since my frosty hair
Grew gray and thin from mute despair—
The still-born off-spring of Want and Care.
Cold and hunger, hunger and cold,
Poverty makes the young look old!

The dark night comes, and the stars look down
From the peaceful skies on the heartless town;
On my hopeless woe they seem to frown
In their jewel-splendor, so like a crown.
Pity! ah none! in vain I sue
For a penny or a crust to chew:
The streets grow thin, and colder the air;
And my heart grows faint as I mount the stair
To the dreary chamber, blank and bare,
And the starving creature who waits me there.
Cold and hunger, hunger and cold,
Poverty makes the young look old!

A RUSSIAN ROMANCE.

I HAD my hand on Dr. Tillmann's door, and yet I hesitated to knock. I was house-surgeon of the great Petro-Paulovsky Hospital at St. Petersburg, of which that testy and punctilious old German was principal physician, and I carried with me my daily report of the cholera patients who had died during the night.

A moment ago I had been talking briskly enough to a group of students, and now I was standing like a timid boy at a schoolmaster's door. The fact was, I knew the old automaton was jealous of me, and disliked me, and I detested him, and I tried as much as possible to avoid coming into contact with him. I had determined to resist and resent any indignity offered me, and yet I wished to avoid a quarrel, because I loved his dear pretty little daughter Olga. I was, moreover, on the morning of which I speak tired out both in mind and body; for I had been up the greater part of the night attending patients in a state of collapse from the terrible epidemic which was devastating the Russian capital. On my way to my own room to snatch an hour or two of sleep, I had stopped at Dr. Tillmann's door to deliver my official report. At that moment I would rather have been digging graves, tired as I was, than have confronted that intolerable old martinet, whom nothing could propitiate, and from whom no exertion of mine could extort a word of praise.

At last I knocked in a quick business-like way. There was a muttering, but no one answered. I knocked again. "Come in!" snapped out the Doctor in his dry mechanical voice. I entered. There he sat, at he had sat every morning for seven-and-twenty years at the same hour, the great brass tower of a samovar boiling before him, and, the tea-pot mounted above the burning charcoal on the little brazier stand. Before him lay the *Journal de St. Petersburg*, which he, a little nankeen-colored man in the blue official coat and brass buttons, was conning with a contemptuous air. Opposite sat Olga at the open window, for it was April time, teasing and feeding an old green and crimson parrot. It was a scene just such as De Hooge loved to paint. The sunshine fell in blanched light on one side of the snowy table-cloth, and in slant golden squares upon the marqueterie of the floor. I bowed to her and to the implacable Doctor.

"Well, Sir," said he, "your report."

I was about to hand it, when he said: "Read it."

I read it. "April 14, 1832. Number of patients received since yesterday: In the Peter ward, eighty-three; in the Catherine ward, seventy-five; in the Romanoff ward, ninety-two. Died during the night, forty-three."

"Oh, father, father, how terrible!" cried the Doctor's daughter; "Heaven has, indeed, sent the destroying angel among us. Do the poor people suffer much, Mr. Campbell? Oh, can I be of any use? Do you think if I went to the wards I could encourage the nurses?"

Even I had never before seen Olga look so beautiful as she did then, when a high and generous impulse was stirring her heart to good.

"Miss Tillmann," I replied, "you must not expose yourself to danger. The nurses are zealous. They understand the people, and can bear these scenes of horror better than you could."

"Olga, attend to your parrot," said the old pedant, harshly; "practice your music; your master comes at eleven."

"I am afraid, Sir," I said, "the opium and calomel treatment does not save more than a third of our patients. Those who have been brought in this morning have been nearly all in a state of collapse, from which it has been, in most cases, impossible to recover them."

"A mere phase of the disease," said Dr. Tillmann; "that will soon pass away. Continue the opium and the calomel. We must have no absurd innovations in the Petro-Paulovsky Hospital. By-the-by," said he (a mischievous malice twinkling in his little beady eyes), "here is a letter in the *Journal* to-day puffing up some new Persian anti-cholera drug—the Sumbul, or jumble, or some such absurd name: a musk-root, that brings the dead to life, according to an Englishman's account. I really think these foreign quacks are getting more impudent than ever." (Here he suddenly twisted round in his chair, and fixed his weasel eyes on me.) "Mr. Campbell did you insert that letter?"

The blood rose to my face, and my cheek was turning red, as I replied, indignantly:

"No, Sir, I did not insert that letter: nor will I endure, even from you, the name of foreign quack."

I am sure the angry tone in which I replied must have given pain to Miss Tillmann, for she bent down to the parrot, and I could see the color rise to her cheek.

Nothing could move the Doctor. "Oh, I only asked," he said. "No offense; but I know young men take up these new-fangled fancies. The third house-surgeon before you was mad about mesmerism, and was angry with me for ridiculing it. We had high words; a word of mine to the government, and his name was struck off the staff. Take a seat while I go into the next room and put on my other coat. I will then go round the wards with you."

All this time the insolent old disciplinarian had kept me standing, as if I had been a servant.

I bowed, and took a seat. I was too proud to plead fatigue, and so escape the odious duty imposed upon me by this narrow-minded fossil of a by-gone régime. I had not dared to tell him that the letter he had questioned me about, though not inserted by me, was really my composition, and had probably been sent to the *Journal* by some imprudent and officious friend. It recorded some convincing proofs of the efficacy of the mysterious Persian musk-root.

As the inner door closed on the Doctor, Olga's pale anxious face turned round toward me with a half-sorrowful recognition that she had not dared hitherto to accord me. I advanced toward her and raised her hand to my lips.

"Dear Mr. Campbell," she said, "I thank you from my heart for bearing with my father's harsh caprices. I know how hard it is for your high spirit to endure these indignities. I hear there is danger; do tell me if it is true. I know you would not tell my father."

"Olga," I said, "this pestilence is not the worst danger we have to encounter. We hear this morning from the carters who bring the sick, that there is a belief spreading among the peasants that we are poisoning the patients, and that they threaten to attack the hospital. On my own responsibility I have written to the citadel to ask for a guard of soldiers. Olga, if danger comes—"

"Hush, Andrew," cried Olga, "here is my father!" And she turned to talk to the parrot.

In the evening of the same day, entering the room occupied by the students, I was hailed with a cheer as I arrived, and the porter of the hospital, Alexis, a good-natured thick-set fellow, with an enormous hydrocephalic skull, ran to place me a seat in the centre of the assembly. The students gathered round me. The scape-grace of the hospital, Ivan Pellican, was addressing the rest. It was he, I was sure, who had been rash enough to send that letter about the new drug to the *Journal de St. Petersburg*.

I advanced and seized him laughingly by the arm. "Why, you rascal," said I, "it was you, then, who sent that letter to the *Journal?* It'll be my ruin!"

Ivan, not the least disturbed, went on with a bantering speech about me and the new remedy. He was a little bright-eyed man, with pearl-buttoned gaiters and a white paletot.

At the end of Pellican's burlesque, the drug, resembling a greenish root bruised together, was passed round among the students. Every one pinched a bit off and tasted it.

The noise of the door opening startled us. We looked round; it was Dr. Tillmann.

"So this is how my students spend their time," said the stern old man, "plotting mutiny, and proposing schemes that subvert all discipline! Away with this trumpery weed! Mr. Campbell, after your denial of this morning, I am surprised at your want of ingenuousness. There, no outburst! I am accustomed to the violent self-assertions of youth."

The Doctor swept out of the room and slammed the door.

Next day the symptoms of effervescence among the serfs became alarming. Several cholera carts were stopped on their way to the hospital, the patients were taken out, the vehicles were broken up and thrown into the Fontanka canal, and the horses turned loose. In the great hay-market outside the hospital immense crowds assembled, shouting at the great entrance: "Let us kill these murderers the doctors!" The hay and wood sellers transacted no business, the quass and beer stalls were unfrequented; even the tea stalls had, I observed, but few customers. None of the richer classes were seen; the people gathered into dangerous whispering knots. That these groups were talking about the hospital there could be no doubt, for every third speaker had his hand stretched out and pointing at it.

Once, and once only, as we passed one of the large windows in the first ward, I could not help directing Dr. Tillmann's attention to these ominous symptoms; but all the answer the Doctor would deign to give was:

"Our peasants are stupid pigs, but they will not dare to lift a finger against the Petro-Paulovsky Hospital. No! They would as soon set fire to the Cathedral. What comes suddenly goes suddenly. This fire will soon burn itself out." He would not discuss the matter with me, and we went round the beds with the students.

Having an hour or so to myself before the night-patients arrived, and there being now no signs of any more dangerous concourse in the hay-market, I stole to my own quiet room at the left wing of the hospital, near the anatomical museum, to complete my chemical experiments on the musk-root, before communicating my discovery to the chief physicians in London and Paris.

It was a beautiful April evening; the full moon shining through my window upon my retort, and my glass vials and scales gave the room the look of an alchemist's chamber, for its beams fell in squares, and lines, and wavering glimmers, on my open books, and my saucers of tests and acids. The white wall of the hospital garden below gleamed as if it were solid silver. I was absorbed in the ardor of discovery. I treated a part of the membrane of the root with sulphuric acid, and it turned an intense purple. I was more and more certain now that my discovery was one of importance to the scientific world—one that would bring me fame and fortune. But how was I, an unknown man, kept in obscurity by a jealous superior, to make the discovery public? My proofs would have no weight in the eyes of prejudiced men disliking a novelty which superseded the old remedies of their youth. I was not enthusiast enough to believe I had found a panacea, but I was sure that I had found a reliable aid to the cholera doctor.

Pellican burst into the room with something in a tea-cup.

"Hurrah, Campbell!" he cried; "I've distilled the stuff as you wished me, and here it is. Reinsch and I have been at it ever since the last case of collapse was put into his bath."

In rushed Reinsch (an enthusiastic flaxen-haired German) in raptures. He had treated his solution with lime and muriate of soda, and the result had been a sediment consisting of gum, starch, and saline matter. In a moment we were seated, our three heads together, examining the precipitate with the true ardor of philanthropic discoverers.

We all liked Reinsch, who was one of those quiet amiable dreamers, too negative in quality for any one to dislike. But Pellican was my great crony. He was a native of Little Russia, an impulsive, warm-hearted fellow, as eager at study as at pleasure, our best surgeon, our best billiard-player. One moment you found him absorbed in the laboratory, and next moment you would find him shouting and singing among a party of card-players, and looming out of clouds of circling smoke.

We were well into our work, when, to my infinite chagrin, the door flew open, and in burst eight or ten medical students. There were Hungarians, Danes, Prussians, Armenians—noisy, reckless, good-natured fellows—in many varieties of costume. One of them, who had, perhaps, taken a little too much wine (in his laudable anxiety to escape infection), was playing on a concertina a fanciful selection of airs from the répertoire of the solitary Russian composer, Glinka.

"Here they are, grubbing away as usual!" cried Kalthofer, a Livonian.

"They'll kill themselves!" cried a young Prussian; "I know they will. Come, Pellican, make a second table at whist, here's Maslovitch and Hoffman been cleaning us all out."

Up leaped Pellican, all his good resolutions forgotten in a moment. He drew a pack of cards from his pocket, flapped them with a practiced hand, threw them in an arch over his head, and caught them as cleverly as a clever juggler.

"Not quite so much noise, old fellows!" said I; "remember this is a terrible time, and we have our hands full. Besides, I have an hour's writing to do before I go round the wards. Come, troop!" And I rose from my seat with the gestures of a drover collecting his flock.

I was driving them out at the door when two fresh students arrived, leading Alexis between them; he was pale, his coat was torn, he had a black eye, and his mouth was bleeding.

"Hallo, young Hydrocephalus," said Pellican, "what's this? Look at him!"

"Tell them all about it, Alexis," said his conductors, thumping him on the back.

"They call me a spy," groaned Alexis.

"Who did?" said I.

"Who? why the black people in the market-place. They took away the cholera cart from me, carried off the sick men, and would have thrown me into the canal if one of them, a coachman, hadn't said, kindly, 'Let the beast go; he sold his head to the poisoning doctors years ago, and they'll only thank us for killing him.'"

"And so we should," cried Pellican, laughing unfeelingly till he grew quite red. "Come along, Alexis, and have a schnapps, and tell us the whole story! Mr. Campbell, here, is busy. Come along, mes garçons; I say you must. I've got some news for you. Look at Campbell!"

The students already in the passage huddled back into the doorway, their faces looming through blue rings of smoke.

"Campbell's in love!"

"In love?" they all broke out, like the Greek chorus.

"Yes; in love—in love with old Tillmann's daughter—but he has no chance. She smiles at *me* whenever I meet her."

I rushed at my tormentor in a pretended rage; there was a shout of laughter, and the door closed on Pellican and his roistering friends.

An hour afterward I entered Dr. Tillmann's room. Olga was not there, but there was her book with a flower in it to mark the place. The Doctor was at his desk, the paper on which was strongly illuminated by the yellow light thrown upon it by the glow of an Argand lamp, over the glass of which was placed a circular green shade. Half in light and half in shadow, just beyond the lamp, stood three glass jars containing specimens of enormous tarantulas and centipedes.

The Doctor looked up as I entered, and in the coldest manner possible acknowledged my presence.

I mentioned the report of Alexis, and the possibility of the hospital being attacked during the night. I requested to be allowed to send to the citadel for a company of the Preobrajensky regiment.

"How long, Sir, am I to be troubled with these absurd fears?" demanded the Doctor, suddenly. "Is it not enough that you deceive me, mock me, encourage your fellow-students to mutiny and insubordination? No, Sir, I will have no soldiers to guard the Petro-Paulovsky Hospital. I have seen too much of our peasantry to fear them."

"You do me a great injustice, Dr. Tillmann," I replied, "and but for one reason that I have I would not remain another day under your direction."

The Doctor's eyes turned red as he took up one of the glass jars and shook it before me. "There is no reptile here," he said, "so full of poison as thou art. Do you think I have not discovered that you have dared to administer to the patients of the Emperor's hospital your infamous drug? No wonder the ignorant peasantry accuse us of poisoning the sick. I understand, Sir, also, your insolent allusion to my daughter; but be sure, Sir, she shall never become the wife of a beggarly adventurer. You see this letter" (here he pointed to a letter on the table); "it contains an order for your instant dismissal from the staff of this hospital. No words, Sir. Good-night! We shall see to-morrow who is master in this place."

I bowed and retired. I was paralyzed by Dr. Tillmann's threats. A cruel hand seemed snatching me from Olga, and hurling me into an abyss of obscurity, penury, and despair. When I was on the verge, too, of fame, happiness, and a great discovery!

Still I was young and persevering. I might still set myself right with the minister, obtain some fresh appointment, become rich and famous, and win Olga. One thing I determined. I would send (on my own responsibility) for soldiers, so imminent seemed to me the danger in which we stood at the hospital. I wrote a hasty note to General Mouravieff, then in command of the citadel, sent it by Alexis, and turned in for the night.

My room was at so great a distance from the entrance, and was approached by so many long barrack-like passages, that no groans of the populace could reach me there, no shuffling sound of feet as the bearers bore the bodies to the dead-house disturbed me. I ordered the main entrance of the building to be strictly barred before I went to my room. It was now ten o'clock. I blew out the candle, and, without undressing, threw myself on my bed and fell fast asleep.

I suppose I had slept three hours when a roaring noise from the market-place awoke me. I sat up and listened. It was a deep surging sound, such as you may hear arise from the sea when a storm is growing. It was interrupted every now and then by a burst of shouts and an occasional scream.

Pellican rushed into my room, followed by Maslovitch and a young English student.

"Quick! quick! Campbell. The peasants are attacking the doors, and threatening to kill every poisoning doctor they find."

"Pellican, go out the back way and try and bring some soldiers. Go to the main guard at the Winter Palace. I am afraid Alexis has turned traitor."

"No, Campbell," replied Pellican. "I don't go while there is danger. I stop with you. But come, we must keep the door against these madmen. Maslovitch, run through the wards and rouse all the fellows!"

Pellican and I hurried to the great entrance, against which some forty axes could be now heard ringing. We had not got down more than the first corridor of the enormous building when a tremendous splintering crash, and a howl as of so many wolves, told us part of the door had fallen. Every moment the roar of voices grew louder. We had reached the last passage leading to the great hall, when a figure in white ran to me from a side-room and threw herself at my feet. It was Olga.

"Save my father, save my father, Mr. Campbell! They are murdering him. He tore himself from me and has gone among them."

I kissed her forehead, and, placing her in the arms of one of the nurses, ran with Pellican down the long flight of steps that led into the hall.

There were forty or fifty great bearded peasants standing beside the half-broken door, swinging their axes and shouting, as they faced an old porter and Dr. Tillmann with drawn swords.

"Beasts! slaves! pigs!" cried the infuriated old donkey, "advance one step further to defile the hospital the Emperor founded and you die. Back, you hogs!"

As he spoke he advanced and struck at the leading insurgents. The leaders fell back before the feeble blows of his sword; but a rough butcher's man behind, his hands still red from the slaughter-house, struck him down over their heads with a crashing blow from a pole-axe. By this time I and Pellican were surrounded by some twenty or thirty students, porters, and assistants, all armed with bludgeons and sword-sticks. We bore down to the rescue, and driving the poor wretches back over the door, cleared the hall in a minute. We instantly carried off the body of the wounded Doctor into the museum, which opened to the left of the hall; and as the chief entrance to the main wards and to the Doctor's apartments lay through that room we agreed to make that place our citadel: barricading the door with chairs, forms, stools, and desks.

Fortunately our assailants, being chiefly bent on our murder, contented themselves for the present with attacking this entrance, and did not proceed, as they might have done, to sack the hospital and carry off the patients. Every minute's respite we obtained gave us hope of the arrival of the soldiers. It was a dark night, but by the light of the torches that some of the peasants carried we could see the seething mass of greasy black-bearded faces rolling and billowing under the windows.

Our scheme of defense was soon carried out. The Doctor, who had received a dangerous wound, was placed on a bed in a side-room under the care of Maslovitch, who was not of a combative nature.

When I went to see him and prescribe remedies I found Olga already at his side. She gave me a look of unspeakable gratitude, and held her hand out for me to kiss.

"Are we in danger?" she asked, in a low voice.

"We *are* in some danger, Olga, but Heaven will protect us. Pray for us!"

When I returned I found that Pellican had arranged his force with great strategic skill up in the two iron galleries on either side of the barricaded door of the museum. We resolved to defend the door by showering jars of spirits and the heavy bones of skeletons upon every assailant that dared show his face over the threshold.

"Not a man must throw a bottle till I give the signal," cried Pellican from the second balcony, waving a huge glass jar. "When I cry Anafema! Harnisch throws; then the rest in turns. We must be cool, or we shall be all dead men before the morning. All I wish is, that every glass was full of vitriol: then we'd mark the rascals. Never mind what wounds you inflict, for if we can only keep a whole skin till the soldiers come the fellows will return to us to be cured."

There came a rush against the barricade, a crash of axes, and with shouts of "Give us up our children!" "Give us up our brothers!" "Tear the poisoners to pieces!" the crowd hewed down the door and rushed in, clambering over the shattered defenses.

Four or five of the more daring broke in pell-mell, and, astonished to see no enemy drawn up to receive them, they paused for an instant to wait for their companions.

Pellican gave the word, and down came a shower of glass jars, thigh-bones, pestles and mortars, and other extraordinary missiles. Two of the peasants fell stunned; the others, bleeding and frightened, scrambled back into the hall.

Three times the assault was resumed, and three times our splintering rain of horrible pickles drove the serfs back, staggering, amazed, and wounded.

"Never mind," they cried from the hall; "wait till the morning; then we will kill every doctor in the hospital, and throw you all into the canal!"

The fourth assault was more furious than the three previous attacks. Reinforced by hundreds of maddened greasy-beards, the peasants crowded in in a solid phalanx, and, braving all our missiles, threatened to storm the staircase leading to the gallery in spite of all we could do. But at that moment a discharge of musketry was heard, and a mere handful of soldiers, pouring in a volley at the mob, advanced through the hall with fixed bayonets, and were soon masters of the field. In five minutes more there was not an insurgent in the building, and we had again barricaded the great entrance and placed a guard there. It was Alexis who had brought in the soldiers by a back-garden entrance of which the mob was ignorant.

"So far so good, Campbell," said Pellican, patting Alexis on the back. "Well done, old Hydrocephalus! But it will still go hard with us at day-break if we do not get further help. This time I will go."

I remonstrated with the brave follow, but all in vain. In a few minutes Pellican had put on the greasy leather caftan of Alexis, his huge, shapeless boots, and his lamb's-wool cap, and given him his dress. He pressed my hand as I went with him to the garden door.

"Good-by, Campbell!" he said. "If I don't come back be sure the dogs have got me; don't waste regrets on me; I am of no use to any one; only let my father know that I perished in trying to do some good. Adieu!" And he was lost in the darkness.

What a night that was! Spent partly with Olga watching the broken sleep of her father, who was tossing in a fever of pain; partly in supplying the soldiers and students with refreshments; partly in reassuring the sick men in the ward, who expressed perfect reliance in our good faith, and who, as they died, died blessing us.

There was no further attack that night, but every now and then a threatening roar broke forth from our cruel besiegers. To-morrow, if no aid came, must bring death to us all. Oh! with what inconceivable agony I watched the hands of the clock, from hour to hour, and still there came no tidings of Pellican, no sign of troops!

As the first curdling gray streaked the sky I left the roof where I had been watching, and went to Olga. She was not asleep, but she was on her knees. I kneeled beside her. "Dearest," I said, "our time on earth may be very short. These madmen will soon advance to the attack. Tell me that you love me?"

She made no answer, but she placed her hand in mine, and we kneeled hand in hand in that solemn betrothal.

Already the axes were ringing at our barricade, when a distant shout spread and widened till it ran through the vast multitude. The axes ceased their blows, the great mob rolled and heaved and divided, leaving a road through the centre of the market-place. There was a flutter of red and yellow flags, a glitter of spear-heads in the first sunlight, and an open carriage drawn by four gray horses dashed to the door. It was the Emperor, alone: the lancers, at his order, had retired into the outer street. He was in a plain military cloak, and wore a brass helmet, but no star or order. The barricades of hay wagons fell away as he approached. He prayed and crossed himself before the sacred picture at our door, then stood up in the carriage and addressed the people. He was so near that we could hear his words:

"My children," he said, in his imperial manner, "you are misled. These good men, these good doctors, venture their lives for your good. Not a finger shall be laid upon them. This pestilence is sent from Heaven to punish some of our national sins. Kneel down and pray to God to remove the scourge, and to forgive you!"

I shall never again behold such a sight. In a moment the multitude, lately so fierce and so thirsting for blood, fell upon their knees, and every head was bowed. When they rose they slunk away like so many criminals, and some fifty of them surrendered themselves without a murmur to the lancers, who came riding slowly among them. As I was still watching the extraordinary scene Alexis pulled me by the arm, and up the steps rushed Pellican, and seized me by the hand.

"Hurrah, Campbell! Did not I manage it pretty well? I drove to the citadel when I left you last night, and, finding the old brute of a general would not believe my story, or send me any more troops, I took a carriage and three horses and rattled off to Sarskoi Seloi, where, by the best luck in the world, one of the chamberlains whom I knew brought me to the Emperor, to whom the riot had already been telegraphed, and now he's coming to see the hospital. Get along and meet him. Hurrah, Campbell, we shall all make our fortunes!"

I went to receive the Emperor, who was most gracious. He thanked us for our conduct during the siege, and then went through the wards. The only thing that puzzled him was Alexis, whom, in Pellican's dress, he took at first for one of the medical staff. Next day the minister wrote to me, by command of Nicholas, constituting me a coadjutor of Dr. Tillmann, who, however, sank from his injuries within the week, and died soon after; but not before he had joined mine and Olga's hands, and begged my forgiveness.

I married dear brave Olga; nor was I long chief physician to the Petro-Paulovsky-Hospital, you may be sure, before I made Ivan Pellican the house-surgeon.

THE WORDS OF SCHNEIDER.*

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, JUNE, 1864.

WE had crossed the Rappahannock,
  A hundred thousand men;
We had fought and flanked the foe, boys,
  And sent him to his den;
And of all who marched or skirmish'd,
  Of all who worked or fought,
Not one of the living or the dead
  Had nobler aim or thought
Than he now sleeping yonder,
  Who challenged the foe at bay,
And stormed the works beyond the hill,
  And failed to win the day.

He was nothing but a stripling,
  And, boys, I knew him well;
And they told his friends, it soothed them,
  I was near him when he fell.
As the men were getting ready,
  With earnest voice he said,
"*I* am first the works to enter,
  I lead, and am not led."
The line swept swiftly onward,
  And SCHNEIDER led the way:
He did not seize the roaring guns—
  He talked with death that day!

His father lives over the ocean;
  He'd one son dead before,
And th' chaplain wrote the good old man
  That this one was no more.
And the boy, I watched beside him,
  With others brave as he,
But the words that passed his closing lips
  Ring out for you and me:
"*I tried to do my duty*
  To my country and my God."
Oh men at home, he, but a boy,
  For you this valley trod!

More than this, my friends, he uttered;
  It sounded like a psalm;
And th' angel watching in the tent
  Made every thing so calm:
"Now, dear chaplain," said the hero,
  My friends will want to know
How goes it; so tell 'em I have gone,
  And was content to go;
And, chaplain, tell my comrades,
  If the war should seem to drag,
I said to you, I say to them,
  STAND BY THE DEAR OLD FLAG!"

Will you hear me further, comrades,
  Or have you heard enough?
No matter, Tom, the tears have come
  From some of sterner stuff.
He'd a brother in the navy,
  As brave, as true as he,
On the ocean fighting rebel crews
  To make the ocean free!
"Now, chaplain, tell my brother,
  Though he suffer pain and loss,
To closely cling to the dear old flag,
  To JESUS AND HIS CROSS!"

Hearken to me still, my comrades:
  Sometimes there comes to me
A dream of the happy future years,
  And what is then to be:
Though it seems to come but slowly,
  God's day *is* drawing near,
When the rebel chiefs before th' world
  Shall stand for judgment here.
This boy who died for freedom,
  Though a private—nothing more—
Shall live in contrast with the men
  That mankind will abhor!

Oh, ye men who ne'er have spoken
  A word for such as he,
Who are plotting while we in the battle
  Die that you may be free—
And ye whose Lord has been taken,
  And laid you know not where,
Let the words of this hero wake you
  To watching and to prayer:
I have tried to do my duty
  To my country and my God!—
O men, O Christians, rise and tread
  The way this hero trod!

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* Young Schneider, son of an American missionary in Syria, who fell in an assault on the enemy's works, June 17, 1864, and died a few days afterward. His words are quoted almost verbatim.

OUR ECONOMICAL SOIREE.

ECONOMY in household expenses has come to be the leading idea of terrestrial existence in the minds of Mrs. Dobb and myself. We calculate closely. We never did before since we were married that I can remember. But when butter costs at the rate of five cents a dab, and every thing else in proportion, housekeeping expenses become a serious matter.

I was musing upon the announcement that there was a rise of three cents the pound on veal since the day before—musing and eating veal, at the breakfast-table, when Mrs. Dobb spoke:

"James, did you know to-day was Sallie's birthday?"

"Is it?" said I. "How old is she now?"

"She is six years old, and I have promised to hold a little party for her in the evening."

"Susan, will it cost any thing?"

"Why, but a trifle, James. Besides, Sallie has never had a birthday party, you know."

"Sallie should not have her birthdays come so often, wife, in such times as these. How long is it since I bought her a self-operating locomotive for a birthday present?"

"That was Susie, my dear. It's perfectly distressing to me the way you do mix those children up."

"But what will this soirée cost us, Susan? You are forever preaching economy at me, and I'd like you to practice it a little, and let me preach. It's more fun to preach. I like to preach, first-rate."

"Oh! there will have to be some nuts and apples bought."

"And some candy of course?"

"No—"

"What! A baby party, and no candy?"

"If you won't interrupt me at every word, James, I'll tell you. I have bought two quarts of molasses, and I am going to make the candy myself. Now *there's* one of my economical shifts. *I* never get any credit for it."

"But what a dauby job, Susan! Stretching candy sticks a body's fingers up so!"

"You didn't mind it when you were a young man, Mr. Dobb. Have you forgotten the candy parties we used to have at our house when I was a girl, James? Such glorious times as we used to have in that old kitchen? Why, it was at one of those candy parties that you paid me the first compliment I ever received from you."

"Ah! what was that?"

"You said I was the sweetest girl in the room."

"That was because you were daubed all over with molasses, my dear—as you'll be to-night again."

"I should think, James, that it would be a pleasure to you to revive, here in the city, the recollections of those old days at the farm-house. Do you remember those big hooks in the ceiling of the kitchen that you threw a great twist of candy over to stretch it the easier, when Mary Howard helped you?"

"Ah, those were happy days!" I said, musingly, sipping my coffee.

"You enjoyed candy-making *then*, James."

"Yes," said I, coming back to the present and economy. "I enjoyed a great many foolish things when I was young and innocent—courting, for instance."

"Well, *I* haven't lost my zest for simple pleasures," said Mrs. D., with enthusiasm. "I think it will be splendid to make the candy. I had a thousand times rather make it than buy it."

"Which accounts for one of your economical shifts that you never get any credit for. Eh, my dear?"

Mrs. Dobb looked daggers at me.

"Well, Susan, let's see what it will cost. What's molasses the pound now?"

"I paid sixty cents for two quarts."

"And apples?"

"A peck will supply the party; that will be sixty cents more."

"And say a dollar and a half for nuts. That makes three dollars and seventy cents. It will be a very economical soirée."

"I should say it would, Mr. Dobb."

"Can I, papa?" said Sallie, looking up at me, with her spoon between her lips.

"Can you what, darling? Have the party? Why, of course you can, you little blessing!" And I helped her to another spoonful of gravy, out of the full fondness of a father's heart.

"Won't it be bully, Sis?" cried Fred from his side of the table.

How that boy does pick up the slang of this vicious age is astonishing! It's no use reproving him for it. "Boys will be boys," as a friend of mine once remarked when he sat down on a bent pin that his oldest son had placed in his chair in a frolicsome moment.

"What a good papa he is!" whispered Sallie to her sister, next plate east.

"Oh, he's gay!" slanged Fred.

I gave Sallie some more gravy.

"Do you like kisses, papa?" put in Nellie.

"I like every thing good, dear. Why do you ask?"

"Because we're going to have all the girls kiss you to-night."

"They won't be big enough, Nell—not half. I prefer big girls to little ones."

"James!" said Mrs. Dobb, reprovingly.

"Oh, Mary Ann Smith is a great big girl!" said Nell. "Her dresses almost come down to the ground."

"Do they? That's encouraging. Is Mary Ann coming?"

"Yes; and two other big girls. They write compositions."

"Compositions! They must be getting very old."

Compositions are such a proof of maturity among these little bodies! Did you ever notice it?

"Bring up the nuts when you come to dinner, James," was my wife's parting injunction.

"All right, my dear."

I was detained down-town that afternoon later than usual, and when I came home in the evening I found the four little Dobbs sitting in solemn state in the parlor, awaiting the coming of the guests.

Shortly after the door-bell rang, and the children were in a high state of commotion. Sallie jumped down from the sofa and made a dash for the door, but suddenly recollecting herself, returned to her perch and smoothed her hands over her apron.

Bridget ushered into the parlor a string of seven boys of assorted sizes, who ranged themselves against the wall without saying a word. But there was any amount of subdued giggling among them.

The next arrival was a cluster of little girls, looking as sweet as June roses.

I went out to tea, and when I looked in again the room was filled with the neighbors' progeny, including Mary Ann Smith and the two other big girls.

Such a staid conclave I never saw before in my life. There they all sat, as bashful as mice, never uttering a loud word, and scarcely daring to look each other in the face. It was vastly amusing to me to observe the conventional awe under which those boys, especially, labored; the very boys that had been saluting each other roughly in the street an hour before, perhaps pulling each other's hair. As sedate as deacons now.

The ice was broken in this way:

One of the big girls, by way of opening the ball, said to a youngster of some eight summers, named Joey Perry,

"It's a pleasant evening, Mr. Perry."

"Oh, how are you, Mister Perry!" burst forth our Fred, derisively, at the top of his voice.

And then such a broadside of laughter! In less time than it takes me to write it the youngsters were in a hubbub as noisy as the meeting had before been sedate.

They played "Post-office," and "Cedar Swamp," and "Forfeits," and all that sort of games, whose principal feature is an abundance of kissing. I went into my study and began writing. The merry bursts of laughter came echoing to my ears, but they did not disturb me. I am a fond father.

One of the big girls came into my august presence and threw a cushion at my feet, on which she kneeled, pouting up at me a pair of ripe red lips.

"Who's this?" said I, laying down my pen.

"That's Mary Ann!" cried Fred from the doorway, which was thronged with giggling little spectators. "She wants you to kiss her."

"Ah!" said I, as memory suddenly recalled the old-time game. "How many can I have?"

"Twenty!" "Thirty!" "A hundred!" cried a dozen voices.

"Well, I'll take three," said I, "and you may have the rest, Fred."

"Can't see it!" slanged that hopeful, backing off.

The young lady struggled after the orthodox manner, handed down from generation to generation of young ladies, and the children screamed with delight.

"Hold her, Mr. Dobb!"

"Kiss her, Mr. Dobb!"

"Rub her nose with your whiskers, papa!"

That last was from Fred, who had memories.

We left them alone at last. I don't believe in old folks intruding too much on the enjoyment of the little ones. They get along a great deal merrier by themselves. So Mrs. Dobb shut the parlor-door and left them alone, while I shut myself up in my study.

About half past nine I went out and found the little guests had gone.

Sallie was missing, but we presently found her on the stairs in the hall crying bitterly.

"Why, what's the matter with my bird?" said I, taking her in my arms.

She was loth to tell, but at last she sobbed out that she had been kissed too much, and had had her six years pounded on her little back, in honor of birthday usage, till she was sore all over. Added to which one of the boys had caught hold of her dress and torn it in a shocking manner.

She was soothed and put to bed, and then I went into the parlor.

Oh, spectacle for an economical parent! My statuette of Senator Douglas—only a cast, but a gift from the sculptor—had been knocked over as it stood in a corner, and its head broken short off. There was a deep scratch a foot long on the piano, and the music was one hideous daub of molasses candy from first to last. A lamp had been tipped over on the Brussels carpet and left a great grease-spot in the middle of the room. And, worst of all, some ambitious youngster had been at my paintings, and had broken a hole through the canvas of a choice landscape—an original Sontag, which I valued highly.

"Oh, Susan! Susan!" I cried, "behold the havoc of this economical soirée!"

Mrs. Dobb stood aghast at the spectacle.

"Can you compute this damage calmly?" I asked.

But Mrs. Dobb had no answer for me.

I got out a pencil and a piece of paper, and made a reckoning:

Beheaded Douglas	$25
Mutilated Sontag	50
Molasses candy and other damages to piano and music	10
Ruined carpet	100

"A total, my dear, of $185."

"I think you are extravagant, James," said my wife. "A little Spalding's glue will put the statue's head in place."

"And then you could tie a red ribbon around his neck to hide the crack, couldn't you, dear?" I said, in a tone of intense irony.

"As for the painting, seems to me you might mend it in some way, James, since you make those things yourself."

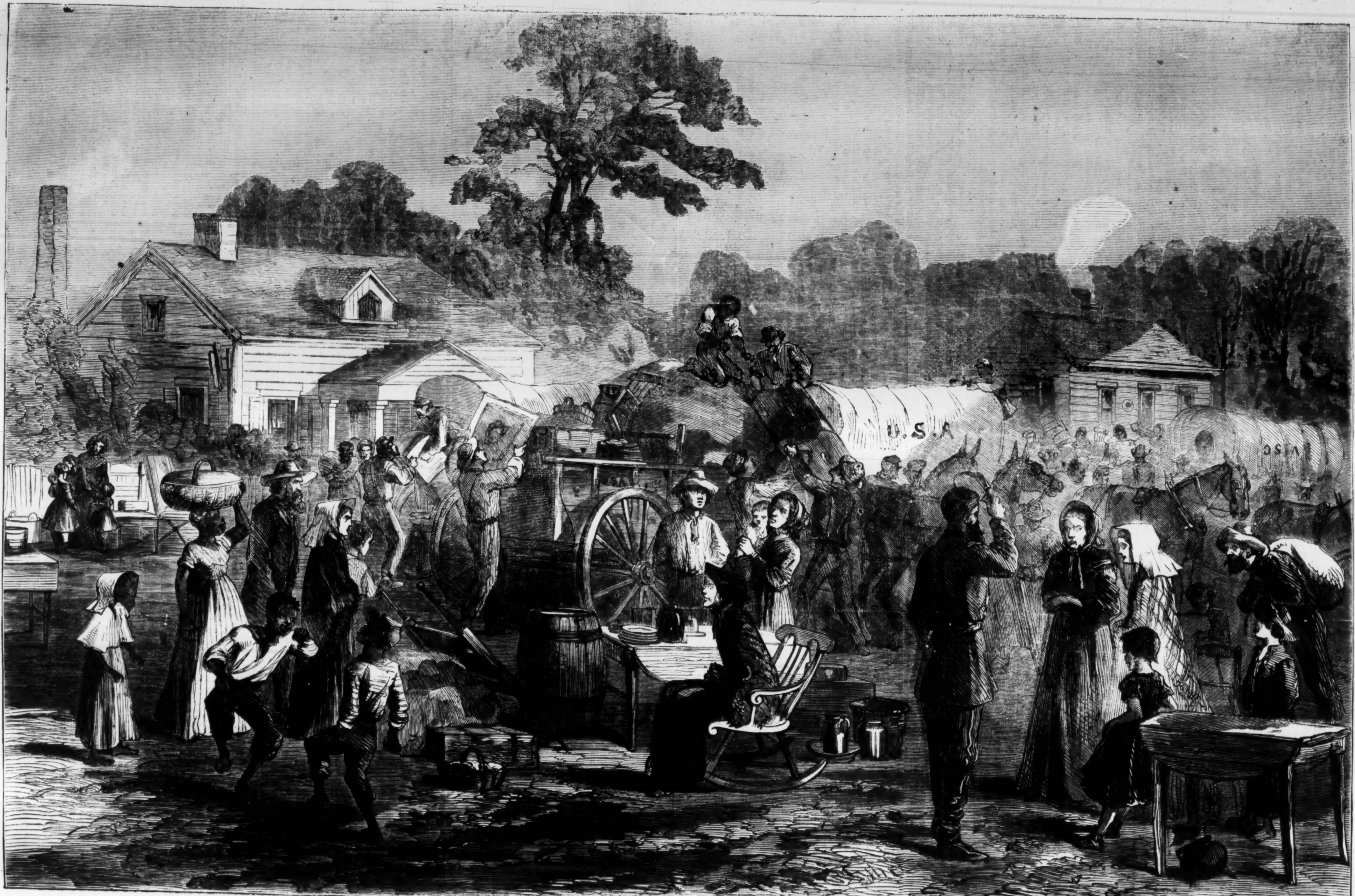
"Those things! That's a wife for an artist!"

"The piano and music I will see what I can do with; and as for the carpet, we can get a rug for the centre of the room, and the spot will never show."

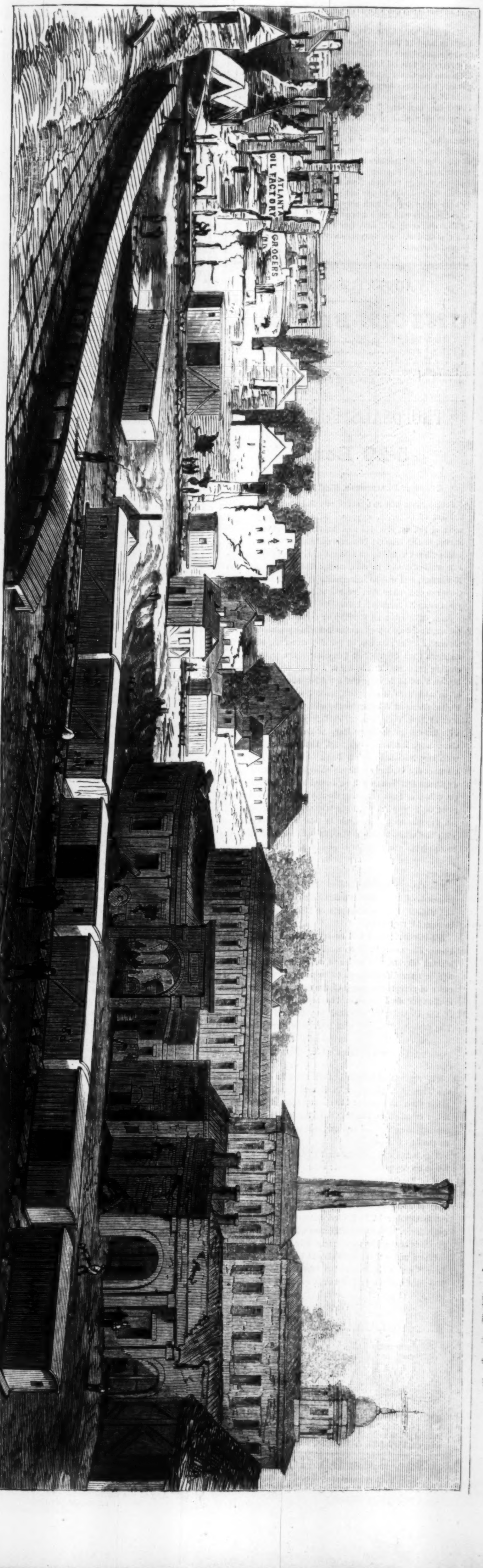
"Another expense, my dear."

"James, I have wanted a rug for that room this long time. For my part, I don't know as I'm very sorry. At least, it can't be helped now; and there are no more birthdays in the family this year."

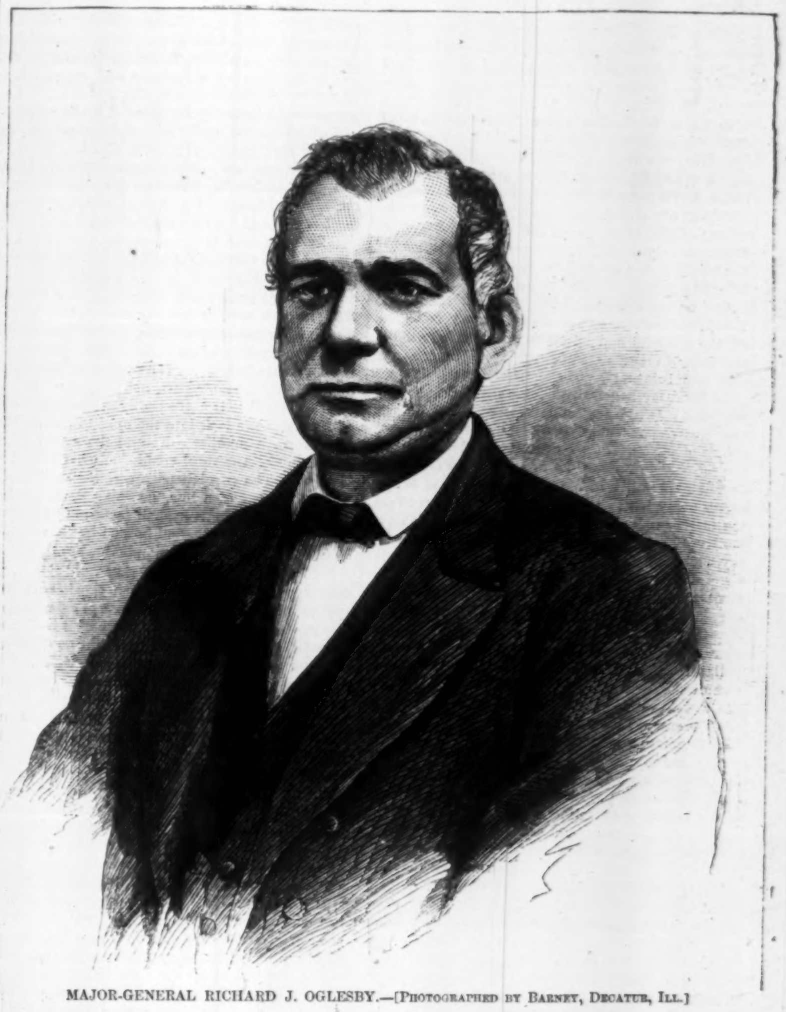
"Let us be thankful for that, then," said I.



REBELS MOVING SOUTH FROM ATLANTA.—Sketched by D. R. Brown.—[See next Page.]



VIEW OF THE STATE RAILROAD DEPOT AT ATLANTA, GEORGIA.—[Sketched by A. W. Gripen.]



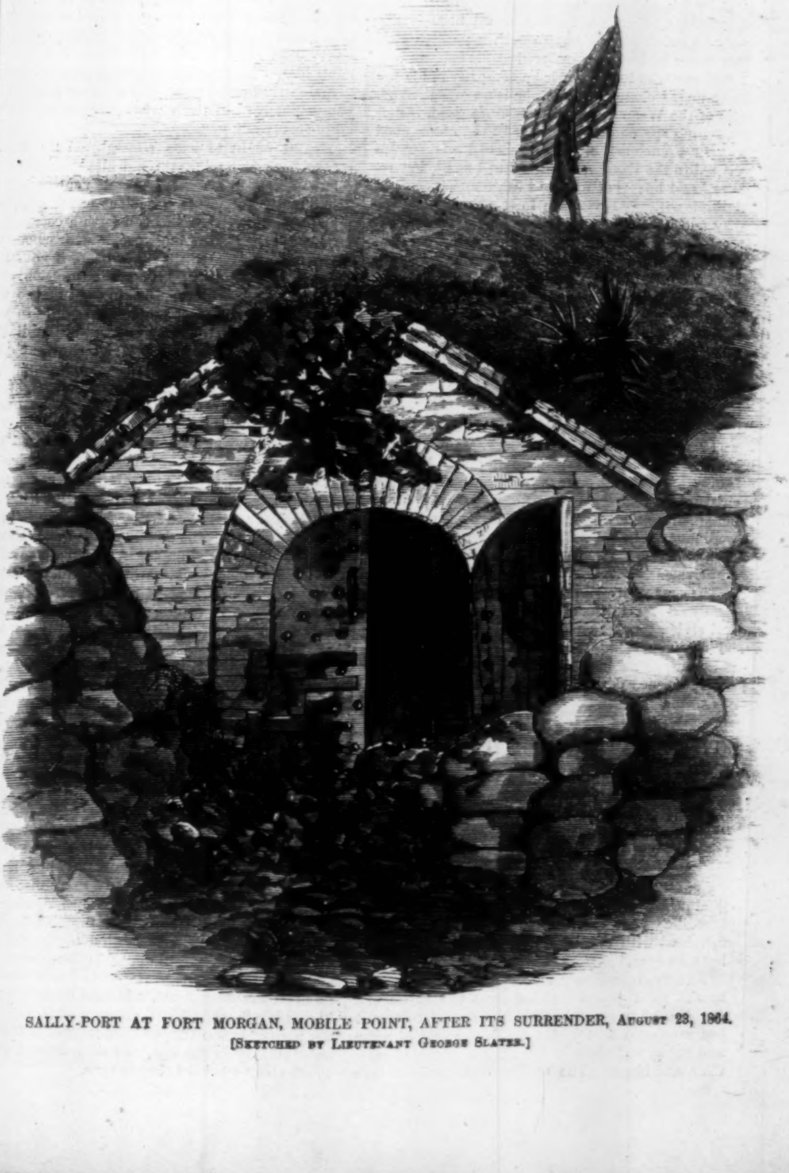
MAJOR-GENERAL RICHARD J. OGLESBY.—[Photographed by Barney, Decatur, Ill.]

VIEWS IN ATLANTA.

On this page and on page 668 we give two views in Atlanta. The view on this page represents the State Railroad Dépôt and the surrounding district, showing the effect of Sherman's bombardment previous to the evacuation of the city. The sketch given on page 668 represents the rebels in the act of moving south. When Sherman took possession he ordered all the citizens, loyal and disloyal, to leave the city, it being his intention to make Atlanta a strong military post. A truce of ten days was established between the two armies for carrying out the order.

GENERAL R. J. OGLESBY.

Brigadier-General Richard J. Oglesby was a lawyer of distinction in Decatur, Illinois, and a member of the State Senate when the war broke out. At the first signal he raised a regiment (the Eighth Illinois) for the three months' service, and with it was ordered to Cairo, where it formed part of the small force under General Prentiss. He took an active part in the various minor operations inaugurated against the rebels on the Missouri and Kentucky shores; but it was not until General Grant began his operations against the great rebel strong-holds on the Cumberland and Tennessee riv-



SALLY-PORT AT FORT MORGAN, MOBILE POINT, AFTER ITS SURRENDER, August 23, 1864.
[Sketched by Lieutenant George Slater.]

ers that Colonel Oglesby was enabled to display those native military qualities which made him one of the most admirable, distinguished, and beloved heroes and leaders of our Western army of volunteers. In February, 1862, he marched with his men from Cairo to the Tennessee River; and at the great initial victory of the war—the battle of Fort Donelson—where he commanded a brigade consisting of five regiments of Illinois infantry, two batteries, and a body of cavalry, he stood out prominently as one of the coolest, bravest, and above all, as one of the most daring and dashing of officers among a body of men that never in the history of the world was surpassed for these qualities. His brigade was in M'Clernand's division, which was posted on our extreme right; and the accounts of the three days' struggle published at the time showed the splendid and effective work performed by Oglesby's brigade from Thursday, when he first met the rebels and forced them from two positions, until Saturday, when the whole rebel garrison surrendered. Of the second day before Donelson one of the correspondents writes: "I must admit that, riding along our lines on Friday, and witnessing the formidable field-works of the enemy (between five and six miles in extent) which reared themselves every where to the front of us, I feared that the task of reducing them would be, at the best, a matter of considerable time. But cold and hungry, and with garments stiff with frost, the soldiers were still hopeful and firm. The universal sentiment was, as bluff Colonel Oglesby expressed it, 'We came here to take that fort, and we *will* take it.' Not that day, but the next, brought forth the glorious fruit of this resolute purpose." For his gallantry on this occasion Colonel Oglesby was commissioned Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

On the subsequent advance of Grant's army up the Tennessee River, and as far as Pittsburg Landing, General Oglesby accompanied it with his brigade; and at the great battle of Shiloh, in April, he bore a distinguished part.

But we do not propose to recount all the services of our hero in the eventful summer of 1862.

At the battle and victory of Corinth, in October, General Oglesby was present in command of a division. It was at this remarkable action that his military and manly qualities received their highest illustration; and it was here also that his services in the field terminated. While in the very thick and fury of the battle, "glorious old Dick," as his soldiers called him, was shot through the chest, and was borne from the field in a condition that led to a report of his death—which mistake Mr. Russell has incorporated in his book on the American war. He was carried to his home in Illinois, where he was for nearly a year confined by his wound, which also permanently unfitted him for service.

General Oglesby is now the Union candidate for Governor of Illinois, and on the second Tuesday of October will doubtless be elevated to the Chief Magistracy of that gallant and patriotic State.

Mr. "Bull Run" Russell, in the "North and South," gives a lively picture of Colonel Oglesby, whom he met at Cairo at the head of his regiment at the inception of the war. "He struck me," says Russell, "by his shrewdness, simple honesty, and zeal. He told me that he had begun life in the utmost obscurity; but that somehow or other he got into a lawyer's office, and there, by hard drudgery, by mother-wit and industry, notwithstanding a defective education, he had raised himself not only to independence, but to such a position that one thousand men had gathered at his call, and selected one who had never led a company in his life to be their Colonel. In fact, he is an excellent orator of the Western school, and made good, homely, telling speeches to his men. 'I'm not as good as your Frenchmen of the schools of Paris, nor am I equal to the Russian colonels I met at St. Petersburg,' said he; 'but I know I can do good straight fighting with my boys when I get a chance.'" We may add, that General Oglesby's subsequent career showed that this was no mere empty boast. He did indeed do "good straight fighting" with his boys when he got a chance, which was very soon.

The same writer subsequently describes a gathering of soldiers at Cairo to listen to patriotic speeches: "Oglesby was next summoned, and the tall, portly, good-humored old man stepped to the front, and with excellent tact and good sense, dished up in the Buncombe style, told them the time for making speeches had passed; indeed it had lasted too long; and although it was said there was very little fighting when there was much talking, he believed too much talking was likely to lead to a great deal more fighting than any one desired to see between citizens of the United States of America, except their enemies, who, no doubt, were much better pleased to see Americans fighting each other than to see them engaged in any other employment."

These, though striking and sensible, are certainly hardly fair specimens of General Oglesby's oratorical style; for the popular speeches he has delivered in Illinois during the present Gubernatorial campaign are as noble specimens of natural and patriotic eloquence as the times have produced.

THE WINDOWS OF THE SOUL.

Lavater, in his work on Physiognomy, which created so great a sensation throughout Europe toward the end of last century, makes a remark regarding the hereditary brilliancy of eyes in certain families, which is partly true and partly false. "When any extraordinary vivacity appears in the eyes of the mother," says the Swiss mystic, "there is almost a certainty that these eyes will become hereditary; for the imagination of the mother is delighted with nothing so much as the beauty of her own eyes."

The "extraordinary vivacity" of which Lavater speaks must proceed either from the hereditary qualities of the soul or from the special culture it has received: first in the ordinary world of sense and show, and then in the higher sphere of emotions and ideas. The mother who possesses true nobility of soul can not fail to give her children a portion of the rich inheritance she has derived from her ancestors; and this, no doubt, determines that strong individuality of features and expression by which certain families are characterized. As a general rule, however, far more depends upon the culture which the soul receives from parents and teachers than upon the frame in which it is lodged.

Emerson makes some notable remarks, in his "Conduct of Life," on the marvelous phenomena of our spiritual being, as it shows itself at the "windows of the soul," which are well worthy of study.

"Eyes are bold as lions—roving, running, leaping here and there, far and near. They speak all languages. They wait for no introduction; they are no Englishmen; ask no leave of age or rank; they respect neither poverty nor riches, neither learning nor power, nor virtue, nor sex, but intrude, and come again, and go through and through you in a moment of time.....The communication by the eye is, in the greater part, not subject to the control of the will. It is the bodily symbol of identity of nature. We look into the eyes to know if this other form is another self; and the eyes will not lie, but make a faithful confession what inhabitant is there. The revelations are sometimes terrific. The confession of a low, usurping devil is there made; and the observer shall seem to feel the stirring of owls and bats, and horned hoofs, where he looked for innocence and simplicity."

"It is a point of cunning," says Lord Bacon, "to wait upon him with whom you speak with your eye, as the Jesuits give it in precept; for there be many wise men that have secret hearts and transparent countenances: yet this would be done with a demure abasing of your eyes sometimes, as the Jesuits also do use." As the Jesuits are exceedingly cunning they naturally adopt this demure aspect for the purpose of concealing their own thoughts as closely as possible, while they are all the while trying to read the inmost soul of the person to whom they are speaking. This is quite as bad as the reckless, roving expression of the eye which marks the American. The right course is to look the person with whom you are conversing full in the face, showing neither unmanly timidity nor undue boldness. That artificial and demure look which Lord Bacon calls "a point of cunning" is the usual mark of a Jesuit, but it is not confined to the disciples of Loyola. Now and then we encounter a face of this description, where the cunning expression has been produced by other causes. "The greatest hypocrite I ever knew," says Hazlitt, "was a little demure, pretty, modest-looking girl, with eyes timidly cast upon the ground, and an air soft as enchantment. The only circumstance that could lead to a suspicion of her true character was a cold, sullen, watery, glazed look about the eyes, which she bent on vacancy, as if determined to avoid all explanation with yours. I might have spied in their glittering, motionless surface the rocks and quicksands that awaited below." This, however, is only a one-sided view of the affair. What would the "little, demure, pretty, modest-looking girl" have said about the expression of Hazlitt's own eyes? Had she been able to express her feelings in as fine words as he used we might have had as repulsive a picture of him as he has drawn of her. Patmore tells us that Hazlitt's eyes were neither fine nor brilliant; and as for expression, "there was a furtive and, at times, a sinister look about them, as they glanced suspiciously from under their overhanging brows, that conveyed a very unpleasant impression to those that did not know him. And they were seldom directed frankly and fairly toward you, as if he were afraid that you might read in them what was passing in his mind concerning you."

Hazlitt ought to have remembered the fundamental law which reigns through all physiognomical relations, that like begets like. If your eyes wear a habitually suspicious or jealous expression, you may be sure that they will call forth a corresponding look in the eyes of most people with whom you come in contact. On the other hand, if your eyes have an open, frank, and cheerful expression, as if a good-natured soul were looking out of the window, you will find most people responding to your hearty greeting in the same pleasant ocular dialect. Marvelous also is the power which one soul exercises over another through the eyes, in imparting whatever passion or feeling predominates at the moment. This is certainly one of the greatest mysteries of our dual nature, but it is one to which we shall obtain the key when we have acquired that high degree in self-knowledge which enables us, really and truly, to "see oursels as others see us."

Solomon warns us against familiarity with "him than hath an evil eye; for as he thinketh in his heart, so is he." The double-minded man can not help showing his real nature in the language of his eye. "Eat and drink, saith he to thee; but his heart is not with thee." Singleness of heart is equally visible in frankness of ocular expression. "My eye no sooner fixed upon his," says John Dunton, "but through that perspective I could see the inward virtue of his soul, which immediately produced a veneration in my breast, and I soon found our hearts beat time to one another." How much of our enjoyment in social intercourse arises from such sympathy is well expressed by Emerson: "Vain and forgotten are all the fine offers and offices of hospitality if there is no holiday in the eye. How many furtive inclinations are avowed by the eye though dissembled by the lips! A man comes away from a company in which, it may easily happen, he has said nothing, and no important remark has been addressed to him, and yet, if in sympathy with the society, he shall not have a sense of this fact, such a stream of life has been flowing into him, and out from him, through the eyes." Nor is this enjoyment altogether owing to the felicitous temper of the individual himself. The company of sympathetic souls has the effect of a powerful cordial upon a sinking heart. It soon raises it up to a higher level; and this all the more effectually from the unconscious nature of its operation. When we see "holiday in the eye," we do not need to care much about what the tongue says.

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PROPOSALS FOR LOAN.

5-20 Bonds.

Treasury Department, *Washington*, Oct. 1, 1864.

Sealed offers will be received at this Department, under the act of Congress, approved June 30, 1864, until the noon of Friday, the 14th instant, for bonds of the United States, to the amount of forty millions of dollars. The bonds offered will bear an interest of six per centum, payable semi-annually, in coin, on the first days of May and November, and will be redeemable at the pleasure of the Government, after five years, and payable in twenty years from November 1, 1864.

Each offer must be for fifty or some multiple of fifty dollars, and must state the sum including premium offered for each hundred dollars, or for fifty when the offer is for no more than fifty. Two per cent. of the principal (including premium) of the whole amount bid for, by each bidder, must be deposited, as a guarantee for the payment of subscriptions if accepted, with the Treasurer of the United States at Washington, or with the Assistant Treasurer at New York, Boston, Philadelphia, or St. Louis, or with the designated Depositary at Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Louisville, Chicago, Detroit, or Buffalo, or with any National Deposit Bank which may consent to transact the business without charge, for which deposits duplicate certificates will be issued to the depositors by the officer or bank receiving them—the originals of which must be forwarded, with the offers, to this Department. All deposits should be made in time for the certificates with the offers to reach Washington not later than the morning of October 14, as aforesaid. No offer, not accompanied by its proper certificate of deposit, will be considered.

The Coupon and Registered Bonds, issued under this proposal, will be of the denominations of $50, $100, $500, and $1000. Registered Bonds of $5000 and $10,000 will be issued if required.

All offers received will be opened on Friday, October 14th. The awards will be made by the Secretary to the highest offerers, and notice of acceptance or declination will be immediately given to the respective offerers. In cases of acceptance, bonds of the description and denomination preferred will be sent to the subscribers, at the cost of the Department, on final payment of installments. The deposit of two per cent. will be reckoned in the last installments paid by successful offerers, and will be immediately returned to those whose offers may not be accepted.

The amount of accepted offers must be deposited with the Treasurer, officer, or bank authorized to act under this notice, on advice of the acceptance of offers, as follows: One half on the 20th October, and the balance (including the premium and original two per cent. deposit) on the 31st October.

The bonds will bear interest from November 1st. Interest on deposits, from their date to November 1, will be paid by the Government in coin.

One half of the first installment, or twenty-five per cent. of accepted offers, may be paid, with accrued interest to October 14, in United States "Certificates of Indebtedness," but such certificates will be received in part payment of the first installment only.

Offers under this notice should be endorsed "Offer for Loan," and addressed to the Secretary of the Treasury. The right to decline all offers not considered advantageous to the Government, is reserved by the Secretary.

W. P. FESSENDEN,
Secretary of the Treasury.

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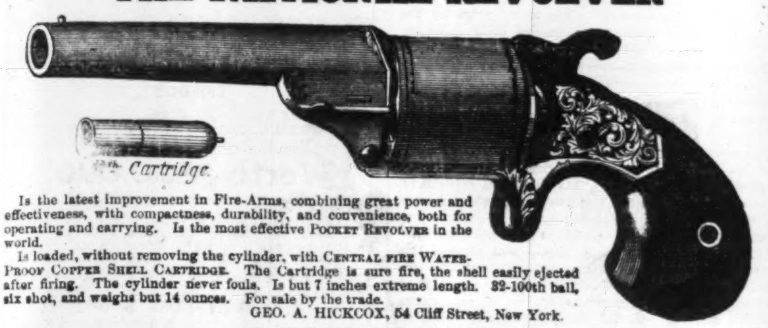

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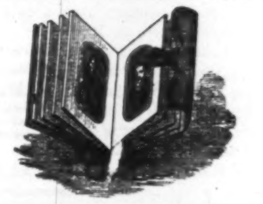

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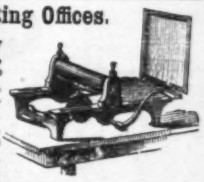

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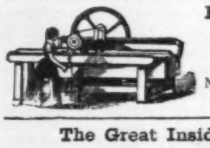

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